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THE SPHERE, MAY 19, 1934
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVII
No. 1791

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MAY 19
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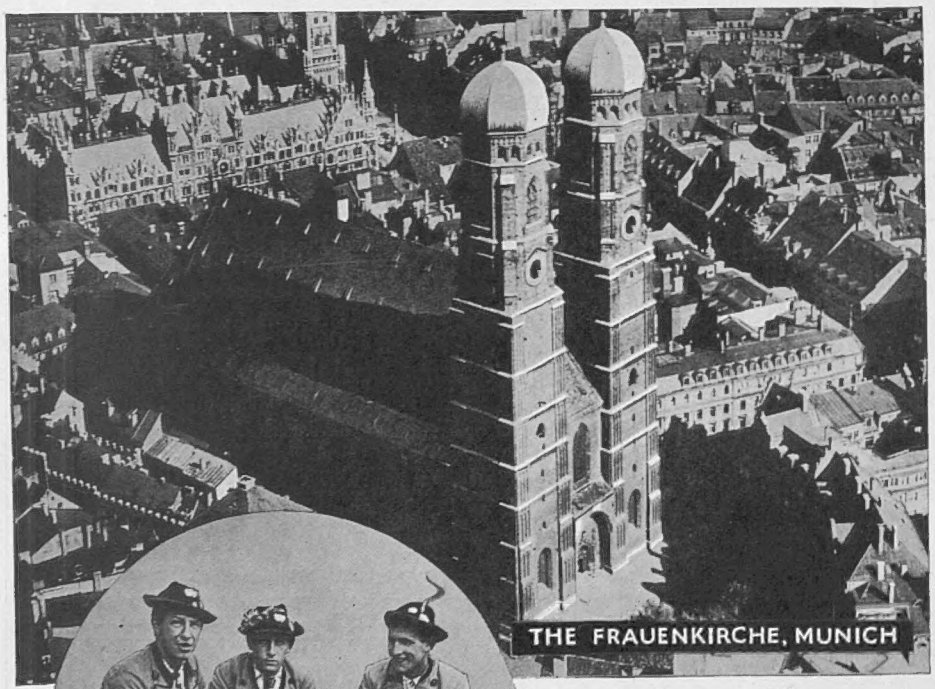

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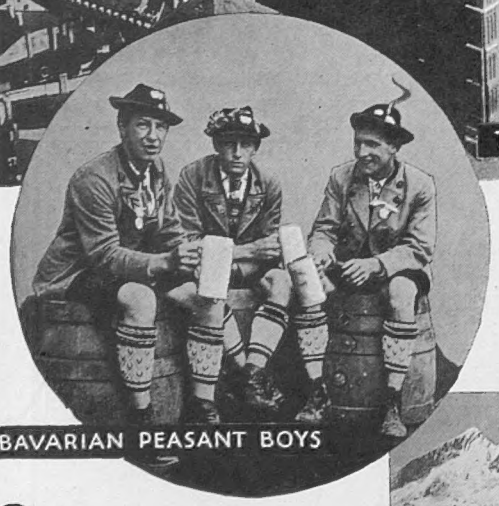

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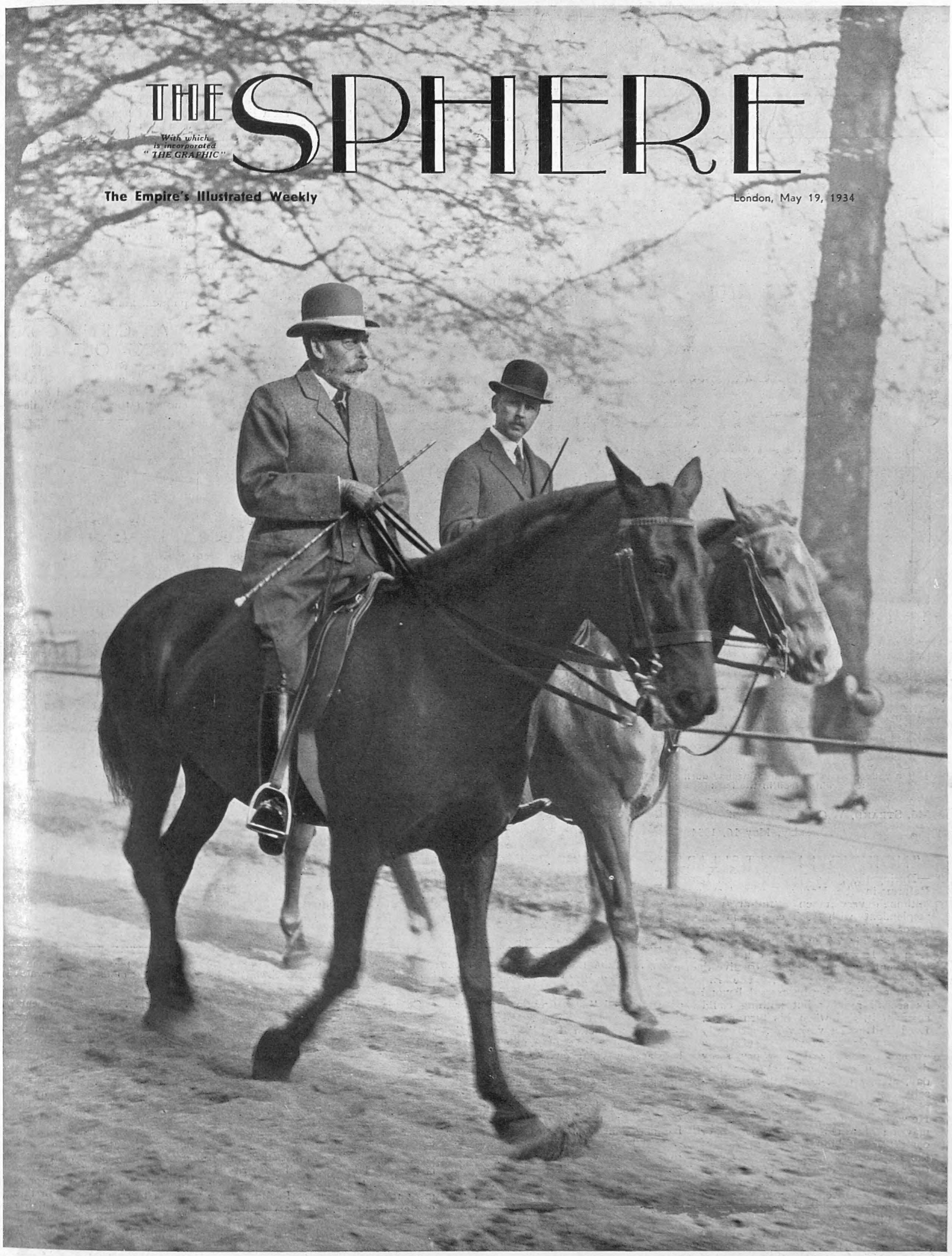
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 19, 1934



HIS MAJESTY IN THE ROW

A Morning Ride in the May Sunshine

The glorious weather of last week-end attracted thousands of Londoners into the parks, and riders in the Row had the pleasure of once more seeing the King in their midst. On his second ride since his return from Windsor His Majesty spent nearly an hour in the saddle and was clearly in the best of health. The King and Queen have already made a number of public appearances and on Saturday were welcomed by a vast crowd at Kempton, where the race for the Jubilee was decided. On Tuesday the first Court was held at Buckingham Palace, so that the Season may truly be said to be under way. During the coming weeks brilliant sporting and social functions will follow one another in swift succession, and promise to make London the gayest and busiest capital in the world

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THE DIMINUTIVE NIGHTINGALE: Miss Lily Pons, who sang at the Albert Hall last Sunday, is the leading coloratura soprano at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. She is 5 ft. high, and although only twenty-four is said to be earning a salary of over £50,000 a year. In this picture a policeman is seen directing her during a morning stroll in the Park

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, May 16, 1934.

"NOTHING IN PARTICULAR."

—During the three days' debate on Lords' Reform in the Upper House last week (although very much a full-dress debate resplendent with frock coats and notable for crowded benches and unfamiliar country faces) an air of unreality permeated the House. It was a foregone conclusion that the event was no more constructive than a school debate on ghosts. The Bill might or might not be carried beyond its second reading but nothing could come of it, and when his turn came, Lord Hailsham gave it very courteously the *coup de grace* which everybody expected, and Lord Salisbury sadly dropped it overboard. On the first day, at any rate, Lord Salisbury himself was the only actor who was not playing a drawing-room comedy part. He was sincere enough. His proposals may be of a temporary, stop-gap, or compromising kind, but they represent the conclusions of years of study of the problem by experts and are the best of their kind. That they trench on the Parliament Act is of course implicit in their design. And he knew, and warned his listeners of, the dangers that lie in putting off again and again the repairing of those breaches in the dyke which keep the stormy seas of Socialist or Fascist dictatorship from this country and its Constitution. Why (his political experience cried out) should noble lords delude themselves into the belief that England is happier than, and different from, other countries, and safe from the methods of despair which have killed all liberty in half the world? But as he spoke his warnings and unfolded his proposals, he knew as well as every one who listened to him: that the Liberals would oppose the Bill; that the Socialists would oppose the Bill; and that the Government would kill it still more effectively by studied indifference. They would, of course, put the telescope to the blind eye of duty and "explore avenues" until the cows (or Socialists) come home to power and plenty. And so the unreal farce played itself out, with any number of expositions of theories and platitudes and quite a lot of debating society wit. Some declared that you couldn't have a better House than that as now constituted, and, since those who held this view were not all Tories, you naturally read "Debating Society" for "House" and cordially agreed. Some upheld the principle that "blood told" and that the son of an hereditary legislator was cut out by Nature and environment for statesmanship. And this particular cliché must have caused embarrassed blushes on the crowded benches. And some (more timorous) took the line that any movement would be dangerous and tend to annoy the alleged bull, browsing just now quietly in the meadow. In a word, such stuff as dreams are made of—and in due course the cock crew and their lordships woke up and returned to realities.

A LAST WORD.

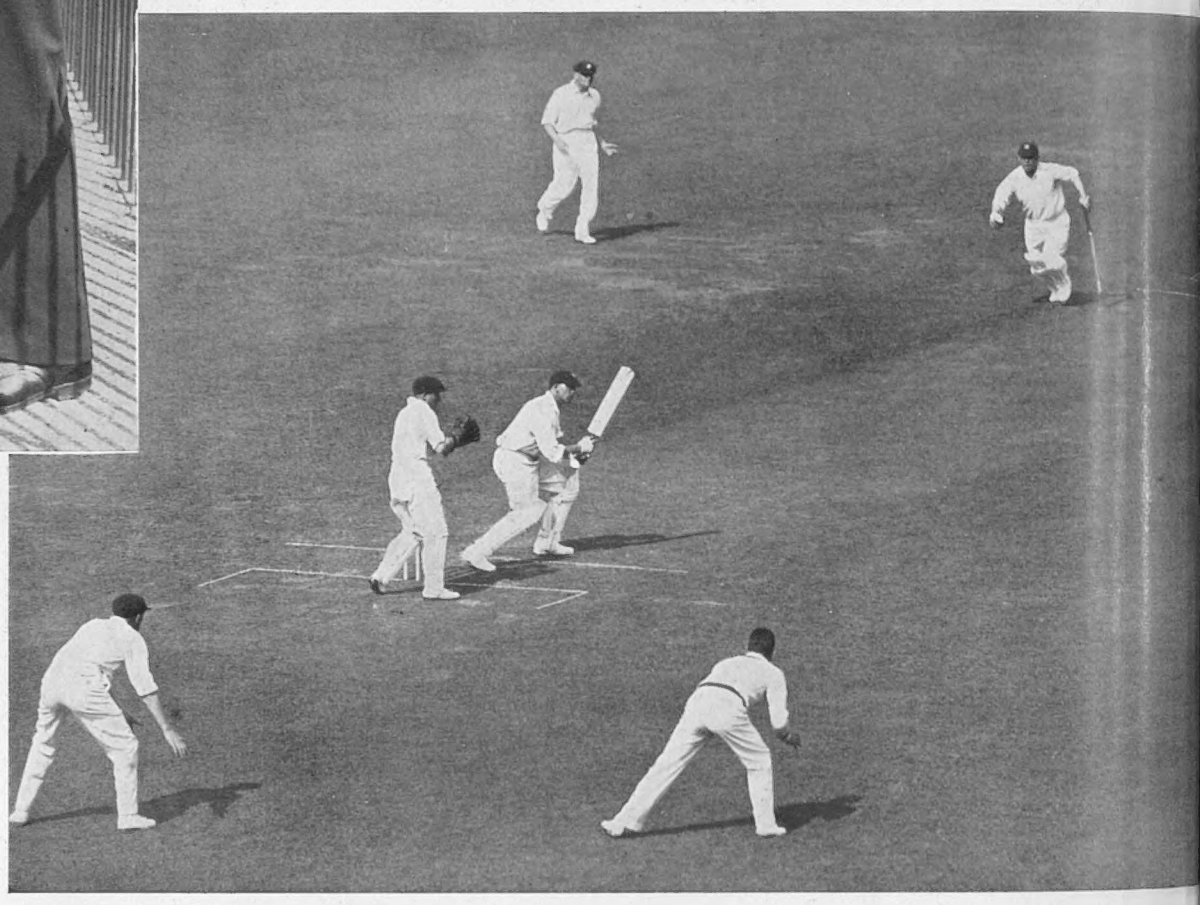
—Just one word more on the subject. This debate was not entirely useless. I do not believe that the Conservative Associations in the country will let the subject drop, and now at least there is on record every single point of view on the question of Second Chamber reform and security. It may be that (as the *Times* suggested, a thought too vaguely and non-committal) the question of extending its powers must wait on a wise evolution and not drastic revolution of the existing system. I fancy that reformers will now press for gradual measures whereby a number of U.K. peers are selected to sit in the House by their own body, perhaps in the same numerical proportion as governs the selection of Scottish peers. That would convert the present "debating society" into at least a live and handy and immensely authoritative and experienced chamber. Then might the Reformers press for a committee to relieve the Speaker of the invidious responsibilities which the Parliament Act throws on him. Lord Birkenhead was possibly right in discountenancing any attempt to trench on the Parliament Act (though he strenuously opposed its passing) while the House of Lords includes so large a proportion of duds and dead-wood. But (what Lord Birkenhead could not foresee) the sands are running out, and in the present state of Europe who knows what political reaction will carry the day at the next general election?

IF YOUTH BUT KNEW.—

What is it that our youth demands in empire and foreign policy? Sir Edward Grigg tried to tell the Primrose League at Caxton Hall the other day, and up to a point I readily followed him. He was clear that our youth demands action, and asks of statesmen that they should do their utmost to make a better world for the next generation. That is safe ground. He can hardly be wrong, even though a lamentable chorus from Messrs. MacDonald, Baldwin, and the rest of the "old gang" in office declare that they have worn themselves out in that very crusade. Sir Edward further disclosed evidence that, in as far as youth is interested in politics, its interest is confined to the problems of unemployment and world peace. In these grave matters it finds itself weary of waiting for leadership. The implication is that youth is not satisfied with the progress of the present Government in these directions, a fact which gives a fillip to Fascism or produces turn-overs such as that at Upton. Permanent re-employment and Imperial unity are, *pace* Sir Edward Grigg, the master keys. Accordingly, he suggests an Imperial Conference, which he hopes will open every door. It will evolve means to supplement trade and production inside the Empire (and then see what is left for the rest of the world), which presumably will cure unemployment and unite the Empire; and these things accomplished, it will apparently settle our Imperial foreign policy. If an Imperial Conference will do all these things, we ought to summon one quite soon, and it will have the blessing (for what it is worth) of middle-aged men also. But the cynicism of middle-age (cursed with a memory of recent history) wonders whether a conference of Empire units will accomplish all this curious assortment of incompatible miracles. It also wonders whether the majority opinion of that bogey "youth" really pins much faith on this master key. I expect there is "youth" and "youth." The truth is, "the youth of the nation" is in every country used for their own ends by politicians, either as a bogey with which to frighten us, or as a stalking-horse for some individual political campaign.

A CHIEF CONSTABLE SPEAKS OUT.

—At last week's National Safety Congress, the Chief Constable of Glasgow spoke in a sense I have long hammered out in all references to the road. While I entirely defend Mr. Stanley's present policy of "frightening" motorists by retailing on all occasions the horrors of the present road slaughter (for they show no present signs of fright or remorse), I agree with Captain Sillitoe that, "It is useless to pile up legislation if the persons responsible for administering the law are not going to do their job." The existing Traffic Act (1930) provides (and intended) severe penalties for road crimes. It is notorious that magistrates all over the country shrink from enforcing those penalties. Magistrates, very properly in most cases, have a horror of sending a man to prison for the first time. They well know the stigma which one short bout of gaol permanently impresses, a stigma which never fades. Therefore, in the most flagrant cases of drunkenness at the wheel and of mere reckless driving they continue to try the effect of fines and suspensions, in lieu of the more deterrent (because of its publicity) sentence of imprisonment. It is ridiculous that the fine for parking on a common should approximate to that for dangerous driving. The time is coming (if the continued increase in road deaths, in the face of the latest propaganda campaign, has not struck the hour) when the authorities must indeed advise the magistrates that the Traffic Act must be enforced as it was intended to be enforced, and that in the emergency the individual must suffer

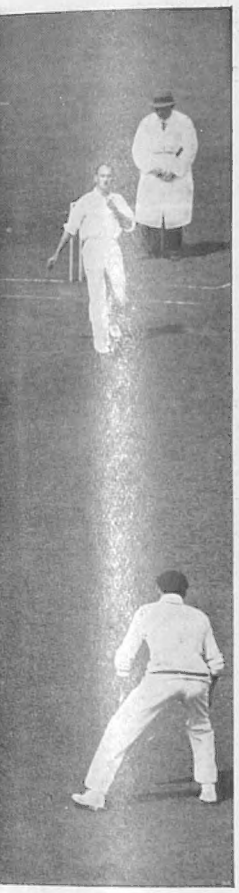


AUSTRALIA HAS A DAY IN THE FIELD: R. E. S. Wyatt, who made a faultless 72, playing a ball from S. J. McCabe on the opening match with the M.C.C. at Lord's. Hendren, who is seen at the bowling end, played a great innings of 135, which included one

deterrent punishment for the greater needs of the State as a whole.

HIGH HOPES FOR ENGLAND.

—Some of the earliest sporting fixtures of the season have given us good cause to hope. It is years since the probability of an English lawn tennis champion at Wimbledon looked so strong. But Perry is making a habit of beating Crawford under different conditions, and for the first time for more than a decade the Old Country is favourite for the Wimbledon stakes. And I am not at all sure that Miss Round and Miss Scriven will not prove between them a hard nut for aspiring champions in the women's singles to crack. In cricket, if Larwood still keeps us on tenterhooks, there is welcome evidence that new stars are rising in the batting firmament. The batting strength of Yorkshire in particular is revealed already as tremendous. If the Australian batting prove as little inspiring as on the second day of the M.C.C. match, the bulk of the Tests are like to be drawn. At golf, the American prerogative seems at present still firmly established. If we could this summer bring off a triple event, and win at tennis, golf (the "open") and cricket, what a triumphant top-knot it would place on the crown of our economic restoration. Such a triumph is not impossible, but the odds must be very long.



day of the Australians' 6 and seventeen 4's

"No. 534."

—It was good news for Glasgow, and rather unexpected news for Britain, that the new Cunarder will be ready for launching, and will be launched by the Queen, in September. I had not realized that the vessel was so near completion when her twenty-seven months' suspension began. When finished, *No. 534* will, of course, hold the record for size, luxury, and speed. She is considerably longer than the vast *Normandie*, now two years old. She will enter the water nevertheless with a huge note of interrogation hanging over her, an experiment not yet proven. The point claimed for these giant liners is that economy must result if two giants can adequately do the work of three 40—30 thousand tonners. No sailor, in whatever capacity he is employed in connection with a liner of the size of *Normandie* or *No. 534*, claims that the giants are easier, pleasanter, or safer to drive than those of more moderate size. I fancy the sailor would say: 25,000 for choice; beyond 40,000 a constantly increasing weight of anxiety and ceaseless vigilance. To the ignorant passenger, there is nothing gained in amenities in liners over 30,000 tons. Anything over that bulk is compelled to steam dead slow in a gale, since a vessel of that size can only smash the seas; accordingly there is nothing gained in steadiness by the giants. Steaming at 3 to 5 knots, the 30,000 tonner is as steady as the 60,000. The size of the giant is in other respects a nuisance to the passenger, for crowds and distances add to his fatigue. The sailor profoundly distrusts, the passenger does not benefit from, the giant liner. It is a question of economy first and last, after the first enthusiasm for a new toy has worn off. And that question, the vital one, has still to be proved. It may well be therefore that *No. 534* will be the last of her size to be built in a British yard.

BOOKED FOR THE PAGEANTS.

—Apropos my recent reference to our centenary celebrations of the accession of Queen Victoria, I am not surprised that "my Boston Correspondent" has unearthed for me an American gentleman who was present at, and clearly remembers, the coronation procession in June, 1838, in London. This is Mr. James Terry, born in the Tower of London in January, 1834. He became a policeman in New York and has survived the gangsters and racketeers. We are, of course, getting him over for the big pageant and he will lead the revels, a straggler from the reign of William IV. He shall walk beside the counterfeit Lord Melbourne.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S GARDEN.

—Bron-y-de, Mr. Lloyd George's Churt garden, produced a splendid sum for the Nursing Institutions of Surrey when it opened under the scheme last week. The ex-Premier was able to send a cheque for over £35, which meant that nearly 700 people paid for the privilege of seeing his fine display of blossoming prunus and pirus and other fruit trees, and his avenues of grass paths bordered with tulips or walls of heather. Some, I daresay, paid for the possibility of getting a peep thro' a glass darkly at the Squire of Churt or his hardly less famous daughter. Bron-y-de affords at all seasons a wonderful view of the Devil's Jumps. It is a week-end cottage-de-luxe, part of the quite extensive grounds having been once agricultural land and part virgin heather. The house is not large, but is possessed of many modern amenities. Lord Snowden's less pretentious house lies on the opposite side of the Farnham-Hindhead road, and not far away is Waverley Abbey, which gave its name to Scott's novels. The Haslemere-Churt area is very popular with politicians who hold or held "advanced" views, and several Socialist peers live, and have taken titles from name-places thereabouts, notably Lord Passfield, Lord Marley, and Lord Ponsonby of Shulebrede. It is safe to say that just now there is not a garden of an acre or more which it is not worth paying a shilling to view, in the length and breadth of England.

"IN OTHER WORDS."—

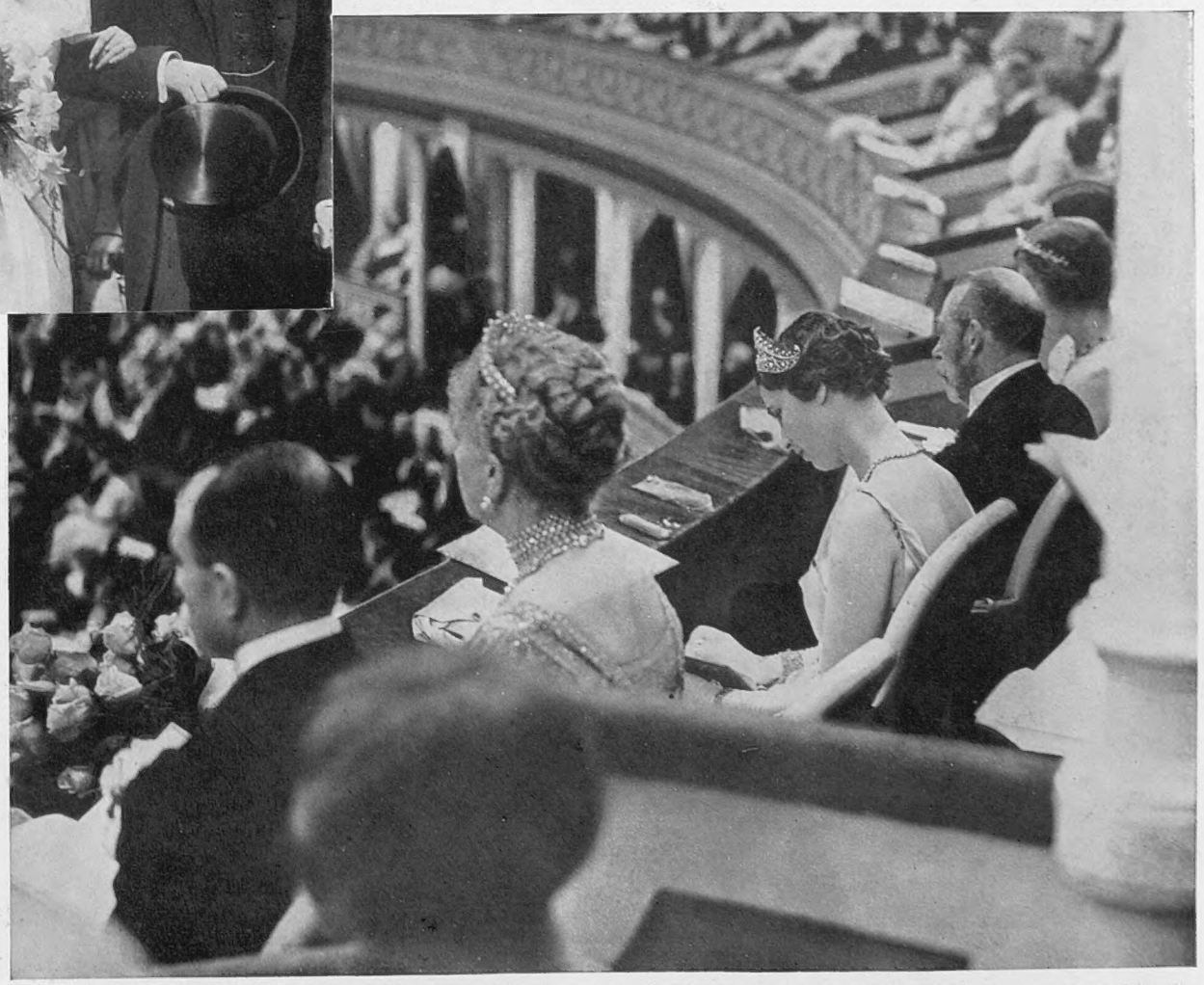
The hottest day in the first half of May for 135 years was recorded at Rockhampstead (Beds). Amazing scenes marked the termination of the Southend Whelk Carnival, seventeen women and three men collapsing from the heat or being treated for heat bumps. Five were detained. A man wearing white ducks caused a sensation in the Strand. Straw boaters made their appearance in Throgmorton Street. A lorry was burnt out on the Portsmouth Road near Hindhead. The fire was alleged to be due to the sun's rays shining through a crack in the windscreen. A man riding an ice-cream cycle van was stopped by bandits outside Chipping Sodbury and relieved of part of his stock-in-trade. Midnight bathing under floodlights disorganized the esplanade traffic at Mudeford. Prayers for cooler weather formed part of the service at St. Boniface's, Cripplegate, where the Rev. Montague Kipper preached on "Is there a Hell?" In one of the courts of K.B.D., judge and counsel laid aside their wigs and conducted in shirt sleeves an action for slander. In other words, three pleasant summer days in May.

On left—THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK: The Earl of Antrim and Miss Angela Sykes, daughter of the late Sir Mark and Lady Sykes, leaving Brompton Oratory after their marriage on Friday, May 11. The bride was attended by ten children

SETON GORDON ON LORD GREY.

—One of the most charming and understanding articles on the late Lord Grey of Fallodon is to be found in the May *Nineteenth Century*, and is by the pen of Seton Gordon. Mr. Gordon writes of Lord Grey as a naturalist, a friend, and a lover of the wild. And he prefaces his article with this remark: "Viscount Grey, the statesman, is likely to pass into history as one of the greatest Englishmen of his time; Viscount Grey the naturalist is a figure that is less widely known." That is the only assertion in the article from which I venture to dissent. At the present time (and no doubt posterity will rate Lord Grey very highly as a statesman and as a man) I should say that his greatness as a naturalist or as a fisherman was more widely appreciated in Britain than his greatness as a statesman. But my excuse for a commentary is not this. Reading this charming account of Lord Grey at home and the well-informed sidelights on the intense joy which he derived from natural beauty and from the songs of birds and a close study of their habits, I fell to wondering whether for a politician that love of nature and beauty and truth, "this side idolatry," was more a help or hindrance. I pity the statesman for whom politics is the first and last thing, but I pity more the statesman who must constantly tear himself away from peace and beauty and truth, and rub again the greasy shoulders of politics. I think for Lord Grey the pain of parting outweighed the keen joy of reunion. Strange to think that exactly a century before, another great statesman, another Northumbrian, another Grey, was feeling and acting in precisely the same way as Edward Grey—to wit, Charles Grey of the Reform Bill. His feeling for Howick and country life was as strong as Edward Grey's for Fallodon, and it gave him the same shuddering distaste for politics.

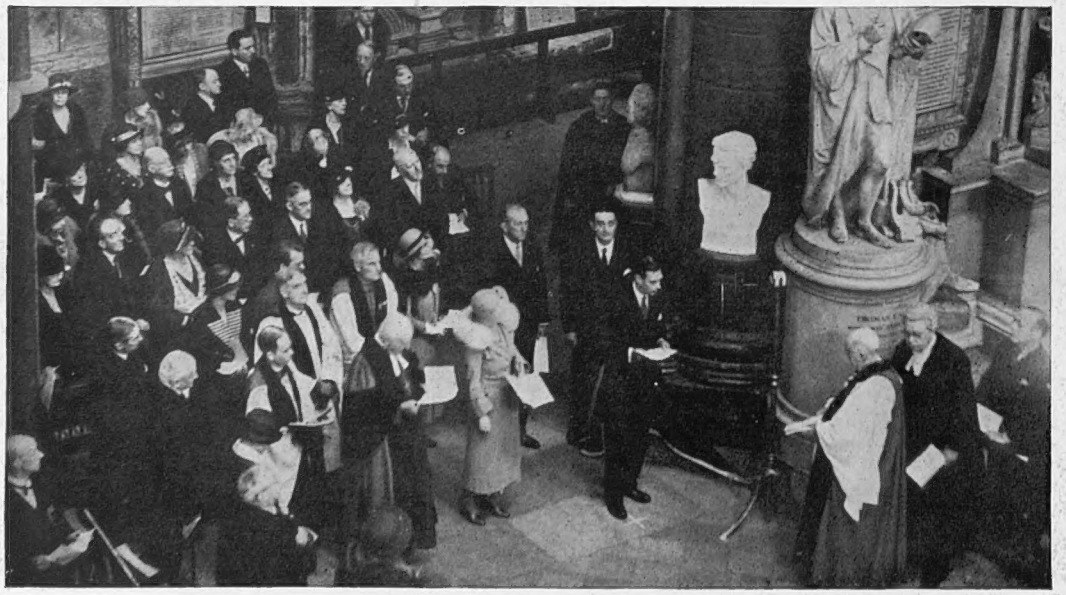
THE OLD STAGER



ROYALTY AT THE ALBERT HALL: The King and Queen and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia at last week's concert organized by the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. Three famous singers—Miss Eva Turner, Herr Richard Tauber, and Madame Conchita Supervia—gave their services and sang characteristic songs from their repertoires

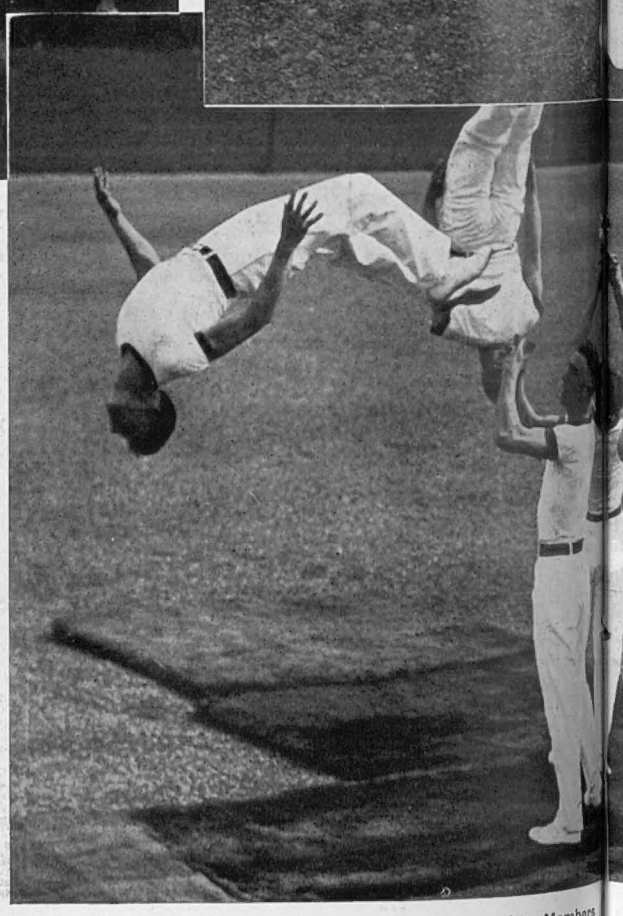
THE FIRST ATLANTIC FLIGHT OF THE SEASON: Lieut.-Commander George R. Pond and Lieutenant Cesare Sabelli who left Floyd Bennett Field, Long Island, U.S.A., on Monday last in an attempt to fly without a stop to Rome. They landed in County Clare, Ireland, on Tuesday night, after having been lost in the fog for several hours. The crossing took 32 hr. 4 min.

HONOURING THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN TO REACH JAPAN: The Japanese Ambassador and Vice-Admiral Matsushita who last week attended the ceremony at Gillingham, Kent, when a clock tower was unveiled in memory of William Adams, the English navigator who landed in Japan in 1600 and became the founder of her navy. According to one writer Adams was "in such favour under two emperors as never was any Christian in those parts of the world." He died in 1620



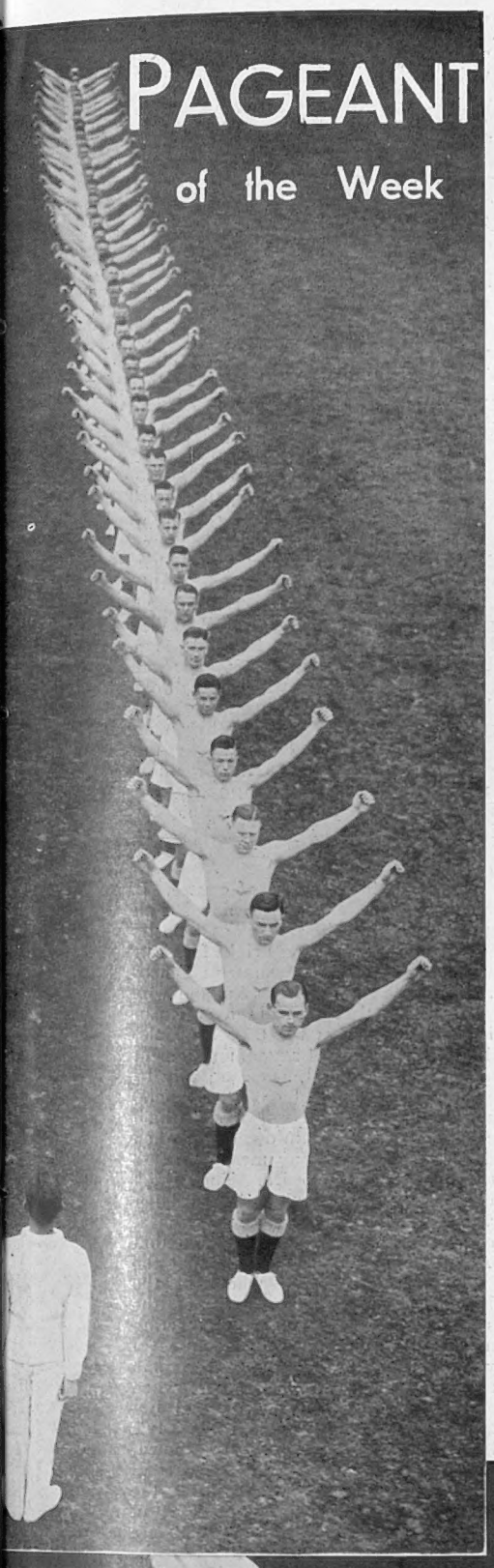
A NICHE IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME FOR AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL POET: The scene in Westminster Abbey after the Duke of York had unveiled the memorial to Adam Lindsay Gordon in Poets' Corner

PASSING Current News

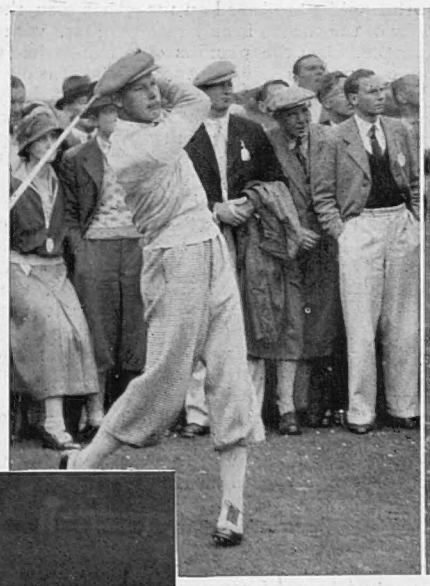


REHEARSING FOR THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: *Top*—Members stration of physical jerks in "fishbone formation." *Below*—

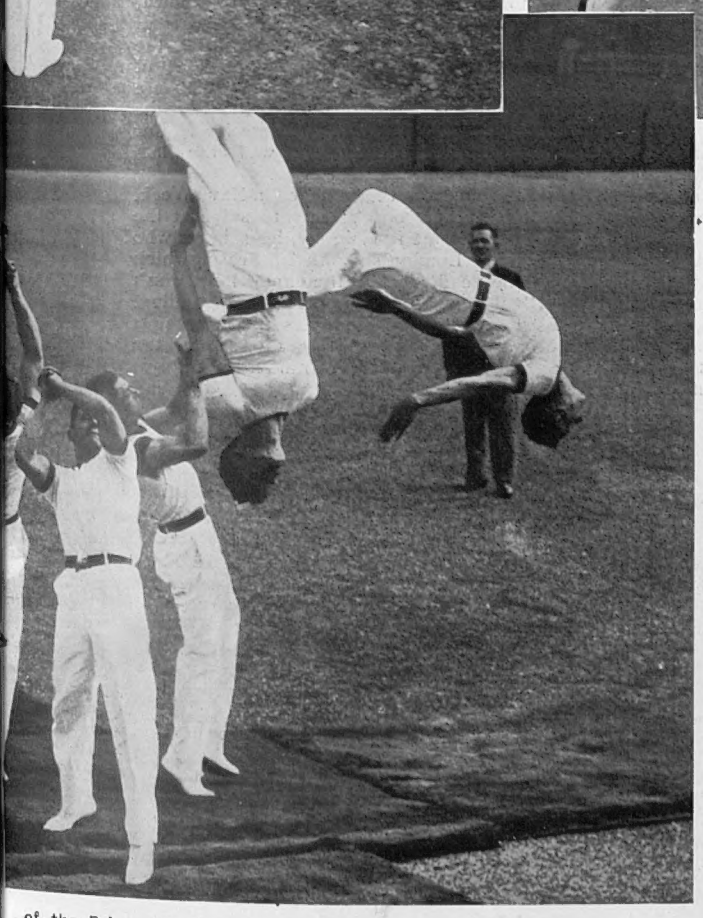
PAGEANT of the Week



ENJOYING THE MAY HEAT WAVE: Students of University College, Gower Street, London, basking on the college steps during the lunch hour



DEPRESSION OVER ST. ANDREWS: The British team was generally considered to stand an excellent chance in this year's Walker Cup, but once again the Americans proved themselves superior in every department of the game. *Left*—J. McLean, who, with E. A. McRuvie, beat G. T. Dunlap and F. Ouimet. This was the only British success in the foursomes. *Right*—Johnny Goodman and Lawson Little (U.S.A.), whose flawless accuracy resulted in the decisive defeat of C. J. H. Tolley and R. H. Wethered by 8 up and 6 to play



of the R.A.F. School of Physical Training at Uxbridge giving a demon- Army physical training instructors practising the art of back-somersaulting

A HEAD-ON COLLISION: The bows of the destroyer, *Whirlwind*, after she had collided in the Channel with the Limerick Steamship Company's vessel, *Luimneach*

THE PROMISE OF THE LONDON SEASON

The Pageants and the Soldiers who will Organize them

By EDWARD BRADDEN

THE RUNNYMEDE PAGEANT: Some of the players rehearsing the Windsor episode in which the Honourable Lady Harvey will play the part of Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III

THE OTHER DAY a bright young journalistic thing announced portentously that the Season as an institution was dead. He added with gloomy regret—"only the damn thing won't lie down."

Poor fellow! One wonders where he goes for his information. Obviously he has not yet been for a stroll down Bond Street on a May morning, or sauntered along the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall" where you can still meet the most distinguished-looking and best-dressed men in the world. Nor can he have been to Knightsbridge between noon and one o'clock, where at that hour, according to the late Arnold Bennett, you can see the loveliest women in England. It is as true to-day as when he wrote it.

Nor can this bright young journalistic pessimist have looked in at the Ritz for lunch—that is the place for seeing "Who's Who" at luncheon now-a-days; nor can he have sunk gratefully into his chair for dinner at the Savoy—the dear old Savoy which is always the same old super-Home from Home, though in some subtle way it is always changing for the better.

He can't—oh, well, what's the use of continuing the illustrations of his error? For error it is. This is going to be a bumper Season—a Season such as we have not had since we went to war in 1914. And it is wrong and a pity that any Englishman should decry the London Season which is to-day not only our own solace but the solace of many others in a distraught and weary world. It is attracting scores of thousands from tired Europe. For the German there is respite from everlastingly going through the motions of "Heil!" In London the Frenchman can escape from his Stavisky-ridden nerves. The Spaniard can sleep o' nights in London without hearing pistol shots. Last Sunday in that proletarian playground, Hyde Park, there appeared to be as many foreigners as there were English.

NOW, as we have been accused of being a nation of shopkeepers, why not live up to that profitable part? On the success of this year's Season may in part depend the success of next year's Budget. For the Season is no longer a matter of a few exclusive families coming up from their country seats to open up their shuttered mansions for a few weeks in May and June. No, it brings us endless visitors with money to spend. It is said that there will be 10,000 Australians over here for the Tests. It means millions in our pockets. It means work for many and pleasure for multitudes. For London during the Season has usurped the place of Paris. It has become the world's playground because the London Season is punctuated with a series of great pageants.

They are pageants which have grown upon us Londoners so slowly that perhaps we have not yet realized that we have a mass monopoly of pageants, the like of which cannot be found elsewhere. It will do us good to rattle through at least a few of them. Here goes:—

> Their Majesties' Courts; the Royal Opera; the Trooping; the Derby; the Oaks; the International Horse Show; the Aldershot Tattoo; the Chelsea Flower Show; the Eton and Harrow match; Royal Ascot; Navy Week; Goodwood; Cowes, where this year all eyes will be on *Endeavour*, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's challenger for America's Cup.

These are the major events. Of those of minor importance, such as the Pageant of Runnymede, the Theatrical Garden Party, and the Monster Midnight "Matinee," there is no end.

And it is marked how, through the long list of the Season's events, there occurs the word "Royal." That word has been with us for so long that perhaps we do not sufficiently and gratefully grasp the meaning of it. The truth is that many of these pageants which delight the public are based on the throne. And the stability of the throne is endorsed by the plaudits of the people. But the plaudits of the people are for public occasions only. Apart from these the throne, throughout the Season, lives its private life. The occupant of the throne is in the best sense democratic. It is typical that on the eve of his first Courts this season His Majesty, dressed in tweeds and a bowler hat, went out riding in Hyde Park. He was just a private person out for exercise. He did not "see" his subjects. His subjects did not "see" him. Accompanied only by an equerry, His Britannic Majesty passed, an unrecognised English gentleman, along the Row.

NOW it is like enough, because so many of our national pageants are based upon the throne, that so many soldiers—some of them quite unhonoured and unsung—contribute to the Season's gaiety. And if one peeps behind the scenes at these pageants, one is astonished at the number of soldiers with a gift for organization and a habit of cool efficiency.

By the time this appears in print, a packed house will have risen to greet the King as the massed bands crash out the National Anthem at the Royal Tournament. And here, of course, you get the soldier as organizer *in excelsis*. During the forty-two years he has been in command, General King has raised the Tournament from a comparatively small show to an entertainment which grows in popularity as the years go by. And now that his mantle has more or less fallen on the shoulders of his son, Captain Charles King, the Committee and Captain King find themselves in a wonderful position. For all that they have paid out to military charities, they have a reserve fund of £60,000 in the bank, and this year they could, if they had chosen, have sold every seat in advance. But, being soldiers, while looking after their charities, they play the game by the public, and they don't want the public which queues up so patiently to be sent away with the information that there is no room.

Then Trooping the Colour on the King's birthday. Soldiers again. And the ancient ceremony has been made a magnificent spectacle of almost a mechanically-moving mass of men. The actual Trooping is done by the King's Guard for the day, which this year is the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Guards. They are supported by other Guards from the garrison of London, while this year the Household Cavalry will be represented by two troops of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, with massed bands of horse and foot. It is a tremendous thing to stage; and, under the short service system, there are not many "good old trusties" to be relied on. But sergeants remain; and it is largely the N.C.O.'s who lift their men through the gruelling day; and practically the whole burden of the affair rests on the shoulders of one man unknown to the general public—and unknown, unfortunately, he must still remain. He is the Brigade Major of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards.

THEN the Tattoo. Soldiers again, of course. It is run nominally by a Committee which sits all the year round and which is democratic and elastic in its methods. Any Tommy with a bright idea can drop it in an envelope into the Permanent Offices at Aldershot. It may be a winner. Anyone who has seen the Tattoo and that vast arena at Rushmoor, with its accommodation for 85,000 people, can realize what a masterpiece of stage management the Tattoo represents. It could, as a fact, only be schemed by soldiers and carried out by soldiers.

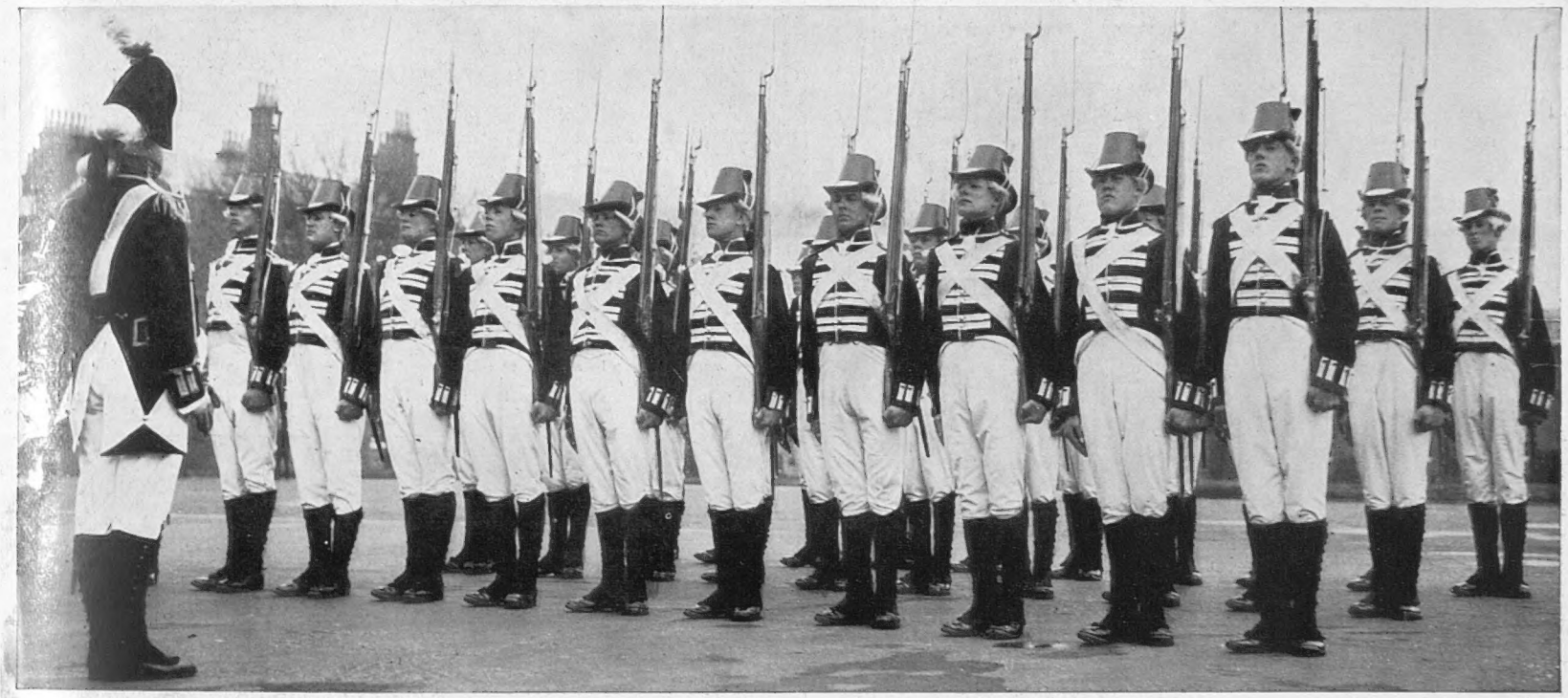
So we come to Royal Ascot, the royalty of which frequently puzzles strangers within our gates, when they find that they cannot by any means procure admittance to the Royal Enclosure. They think that Ascot is Royal Ascot simply because Their Majesties grace the meeting by their presence. They are often astonished when they are told that it is Royal Ascot by reason of the fact that the stands, the various courses, the whole of the race ground, indeed, are the property of the King. It is His Majesty's private race meeting on his own private course. By sanction of His Majesty, members of the public can gain admission to some of the stands, but when it comes to the Royal Enclosure, the Royal Enclosure is as exclusive as one of His Majesty's Courts; and it is well that this should be known, because there are frequent grumbles on the part of people who do not realize that by entering the Royal Enclosure one becomes directly a guest of the King; and the King is surely entitled to choose his own guests. Every name must therefore be submitted to His Majesty's representatives. For years the King's representative was the late Viscount Churchill.

The sailors will have their chance in Navy Week, and the airmen their opportunity to shine at the R.A.F. Display. But it is really the soldiers who do so much for London's wonderful Season which was said to be dead. "And the damn thing won't lie down." It's up and going at a great gallop, *ventre à terre*. And the memories of the greatest Season of post-War days will linger long after the echoes of the hoofs which will thunder past Royal Ascot's Royal box have died away.

ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: Rehearsing for the Trooping of the Colour

Royal Tournament Preparations

"THE HIGHLAND FURIES": The 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch charging across the arena with drawn claymores during their final rehearsal at Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, for the Royal Tournament at Olympia



EYES FRONT: The Marines are taking a big part in the Royal Tournament this year and during last week were engaged in their final rehearsals on the barracks square at Deal. This picture shows a squad in the uniform worn by the musketeers of Wellington's day

1665–1934: Two more pictures taken during a dress rehearsal by the Royal Marines at Deal. *Left*—Soldiers of 1665 and a gun of the Great War. *Right*—Marines of the moment and pikemen of the past

Personal

A VILLAGE CHRISTENING: Lord and Lady Weymouth, with their son and heir walking between them, arriving at Horningsham Church, near Warminster, for the christening of their second son. The infant is being carried by his nurse, Mrs. Beevers, who is also one of the godmothers

THE NEXT BEST THING: The Hon. W. Douglas Home, who recently had his driving licence suspended for two months, has chartered a dog-cart. One of his companions is the Hon. Charles Wood, son of Lord Halifax

THIS FREEDOM: Miss M. Barron (Wales) who played in grey flannel trousers of a decidedly masculine cut in her match with Miss P. Sherlock (Ireland) in the Ladies' International Golf Tournament at the Royal Porthcawl Club

MISS PRISCILLA JEAN THOMSON, younger daughter of Brigadier Alan F. Thomson, shook hands with the Sergeant of the Guard of Honour as she left the Guards Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after her marriage to Sir Arthur L. Grant.

PERSONALITIES AT THE BIG BEN BALL, held at Grosvenor House in aid of the Conservative and Unionist Films Association. Left to right—Lord Queenborough, Lady Sinclair, and a friend

HERR VON RIBBENTROP, German Commissioner for Disarmament, who last week conferred with Sir John Simon in London

THE INTERNATIONAL BALL AT THE DORCHESTER: The Hon. J. C. Whitehead Skeffington, Lady Mary Maitland, Mr. Edward Shackleton, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell at supper. The ball was in aid of the League of Nations Union

PROTESTING AGAINST NEWSPAPER GIFT SCHEMES: National delegates of the Retail Book, Stationery, and Allied Trades Employees' Association in conference at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, under the presidency of Mr. S. H. Hunt. A resolution was passed condemning the practice of giving away books with newspapers

ENTERTAINING ENTERTAINERS: Emmanuel List and Frau and Herr Melchior at the Anglo-German Club reception to Sir Thomas Beecham and the German opera singers

ZOO STUDIES at WHIPSNADE and CHESSINGTON

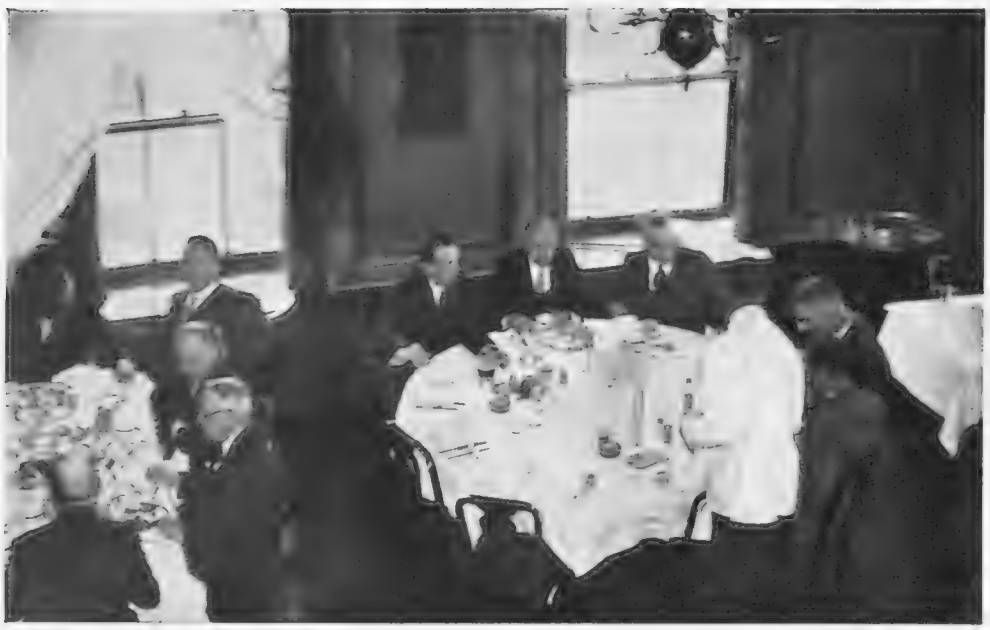
INSPECTING THEIR NEW QUARTERS: These eleven-months-old tigers, born at Whipsnade, have just made their first appearance in the "dell," which has been prepared for them. *Right*—THE LLAMA FAMILY AT CHESSINGTON ZOO, NEAR LEATHERHEAD: The spindly youngster in the centre was only three hours old when this picture was taken, but he appears to be quite as self-possessed as his elders

WAITER!! Bella and Wendy, the Whipsnade chimpanzees, celebrate the opening of the season with one of their famous tea parties. Wendy is somewhat of a glutton and, unlike her partner, regards waiters as superfluous

THE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB IN WASHINGTON

THE SHIRT-SLEEVE HABIT acquired in newspaper offices is often in evidence in the dignified surroundings of the National Press Club

MURAL ART FOR PRESSMEN: The walls of the club are decorated with panels consisting of the matrices of famous American and foreign newspapers. When varnished they have a bronze tone that is extremely pleasant to the eye



THE MAIN DINING ROOM: The only place in the club where the members discuss politics with restraint. This is because there are nearly always visitors present

Where America's Pressmen Debate the Problems of the Day

The National Press Club of Washington is the gathering place for Roosevelt's "Abstract Brain Trust." The members congregate here in groups and "settle" all the problems of Washington, the U.S. Government, N.R.A., U.S.A., the world, and large portions of the universe.

If the conversations which go on in this exclusive club were published, every member would lose his job immediately. It is doubtful if 1 per cent. of them care anything for the problems they discuss. That is, they do not care about the rights and wrongs of big problems, they just enjoy debating and airing their individual views to one another.

Almost to a man they have a supreme contempt for politicians, and yet 95 per cent. of them admire Roosevelt. Of all the laudatory things written and spoken about Roosevelt, the back stage Press Club verdict is the most convincing to anyone privileged to hear it passed. Hoover got himself ousted, pilloried, and actually disgraced, by riding the high horse to the gang who "go into huddles" in this club. And Roosevelt got himself the job of "King of Good Guys" by knowing how to handle them.

The highest officials of the U.S. Government, N.R.A., etc. (including Roosevelt), are only too willing to come to lunch with the Press gang when they are invited. One thing which makes their collective opinion so important is, that not one of them would accept a job as Congressman, Senator, perhaps President, if he had the chance. Their interest in the body politic is that of a surgeon who loves his work and is interested in gall stones, inflamed appendices, and other abnormal physical conditions. Freedom of the Press in the U.S.A. is relative. Interests, of one sort or another, keep poor old Freedom in her place. But freedom of speech does certainly prevail. And nowhere in that crazy land is there so much mouth-shooting-off for the love of the game as behind the unpadded walls of the National Press Club, Washington, D.C.

The club quarters are so de luxe, and set the boys back so much dough, that they got in a hole financially a year or two ago, and let down the bars to a few outsiders with money. These outsiders are, however, kept well in their place. If they go trying to shoot off their unprofessional mouths on the outskirts of a newspaper man's group, they run the risk of having a beer bottle bounced off their unorthodox heads.

By JAMES E. ABBÉ *(the well-known American camera correspondent)*

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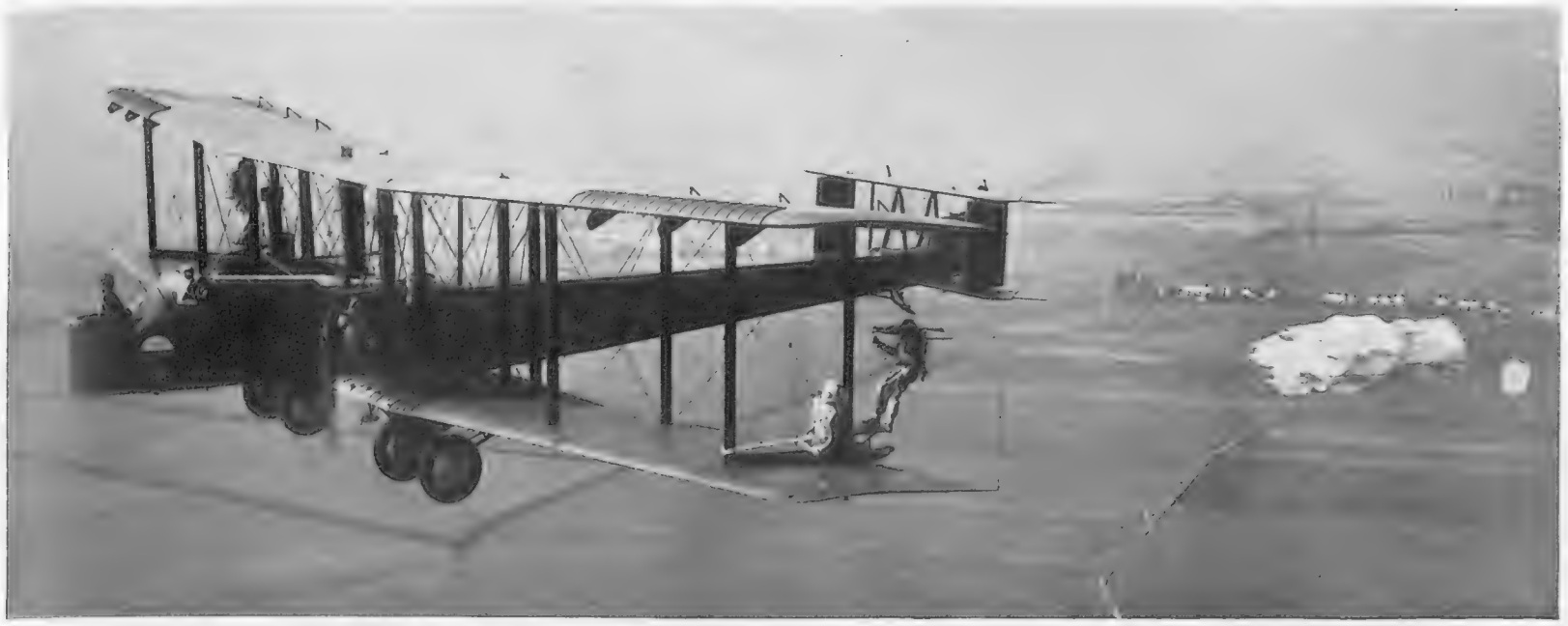
Left—"IF WHAT THEY SAID WERE PUBLISHED THEY WOULD PROBABLY LOSE THEIR JOBS": A gathering of pressmen in the small dining room. They do not mince their words when politics is the subject

Circle on right — "THE OLD TIMERS": Settling a big problem in a corner of the lounge

THE "LIFE-BELT" OF THE AIR



AN R.A.F. PAGEANT REHEARSAL AT HENLOW AERODROME: A parachutist seen the moment after he had released his hold on the wing strut. He can tell when his parachute is opening by the tension exerted from behind

HURTLING INTO SPACE: The envelope begins to unfold as the parachutist jumps from the wing tip. A spring first releases the little parachute, which pulls out the bigger one from its case

A MASS DESCENT: Parachutists dropping from three Vickers Virginia machines flying in formation. The important part that the parachute can play in the saving of life is being increasingly appreciated, and to-day many private owners of 'planes are practising descents

A WAYSIDE VIGNETTE illustrating the interest that Jacques Durand, the French counterpart of John Bull, takes in politics

THE REAL FRENCHMAN!

Correcting Some Popular Misconceptions Regarding His True Character

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE PROPER TITLE for this article should be *A la Recherche du Gaulois Perdu*, but it's too long, also, I suspect, too allusive—as it certainly is too ambitious.

It would also require qualifying. Still, that part is probably necessary anyway. Of course your average Frenchman, with all his traits as advertised since Creçy, continues to exist. Only this week I passed the time of day with a dozen of them. There they were, young and old, frog-fishing in a horrid pool outside Vichy. And their wives or *amies* with them on the banks, and much banter and not a little wit. As happy as the fishing was long, the lot of them, partly because they were visibly saving money on that night's dinner or, more correctly, *soupé*. Up and down the land—more particularly the land—you will see similar simple conserving alike of habits and characteristics, similar evidence of the sensible bargain that has been struck with existence, and the contemplation of which only renders the war shadow that is hanging over these people twice as maddening, twice as asinine.

Notwithstanding, there is a strong case to be made that when we refer globally to "the French" as a race, a string of attributes that all our lives we've been led to associate with the French, as a nation, stand in need of reconsideration. The individual picture fades before the national one; although be it confessed that this latter is far too often apt to be taken from the capital city alone. In France's case what have been these racial traits at once leaping to mind, through age-long inculcation?

THRIFT, industry, moderation (*mesure*), wit, intelligence, love of liberty and truth, elegance, taste, logic, reason, gaiety and sparkle, vitality, savoir-vivre, and presumably we've added, "mercurial," "conservative," though I don't suppose many of us have further added, "courteous," "hospitable" . . . despite the fact that these last two figure high up in the Frenchman's own self-composed list of his characteristics! Which only goes to show what tricky ground we're on this week. However, it is doing a disservice to people we have good reason to respect to perpetuate myths in their regard. Most of us have met with great and recurrent rudeness in France; nor does all the etiquette bowing and cascade of pretty-words-costing-nothing mitigate matters. The French treat courtesy too much as an external, to be turned on and off, whereas, of course, 'tis something deeper—let us say an innate consideration for the feelings of others at all times and in all places. The very fact that *poli* is one of the most overworked words in the domestic vocabulary is ominous.

The "hospitality" business is even more easily disposed of. It is founded on the circumstance that France has stood with open arms accepting tourists, alien labour, and political refugees. Save with a section of the last, the much-vaunted hospitality has been dictated exclusively by self-interest. French homes remain as notoriously shut as ever they've been.

Probably we are all changing these times if we but knew it; yet it does seem that national traits have undergone more modification in France, since the War, than elsewhere has been the case. I see no reason to interfere with this quartette; industry, wit, intelligence, vitality. They seem to be still going strong. But I'm going to let Frenchmen do a bit of this job for me. Safer. Take, for example, Jean Fayard, writing in a high-class weekly:

"The life of Paris seems suspended. This impression is the more striking if one goes to London. Silk hats and evening frocks are to be seen in street and tube and bus. Nowhere here does one find that atmosphere of distinction or of bon ton which reigned before the War . . . no more demoiselles-de-luxe, no more theatrical furores, or restaurants à la mode, or even vieux marcheurs, and hardly any more gigolos . . . certainly one sees modest attempts to pull things together yet they give the feeling of isolated efforts. People go out at night almost as a duty."

M. Fayard attributes unique current Paris to the depression, to the scandals, to February 6 of which he remarks, "We all know there has been a change . . . Parisians see one another now at home and the conversation is politics all the time . . . and officers are the ones socially sought after." Meanwhile, as merging with the above, this announcement may be read:

"An attractive and interesting programme of social events is being arranged by the 'Saisons de Paris,' of which the Marquis de Polignac is president. This organization has been formed to maintain and if possible increase the 'elegance' of Paris, and it is accomplishing the mission by staging a number of luncheons, receptions, banquets, dances, and so forth. For all evening events full dress for gentlemen will be *de rigueur*. The plan is to 'develop the fashionable and artistic life of Paris and thereby develop French commerce and industry, beginning with the luxury trades.' Emphasis on the full dress suit is a cardinal point because of the elegance it evokes and requires; the fair companion feels she must have a more beautiful dress and costlier jewels."

THE MURDERED MAGISTRATE: A portrait of Judge Prince at a Paris art exhibition

Such a bid for enforced elegance, taken in conjunction with M. Fayard, seriously mauls two or three of the labels we've so long linked—more especially—with the word "Parisian." Have not, at one swoop, gaiety and sparkle and savoir-vivre been challenged, in addition to defaulting elegance? "But," I hear someone saying, "if Paris is so visibly lagging, wouldn't it all start up again if the spending foreigner returned?" In this very remark lies the truth. It isn't for want of money that they're not dressing and going out. They are a bored (and worried) lot in the absence of others who really supplied the spirit as well as the spending. You can wash out spontaneity and lightheartedness, gaiety and sparkle. There's infinitely more your way. In France: the farther from Paris and kindred centres, the greater the chance of survival.

SAVOIR-VIVRE deserves mention. I take it to mean "doing yourself well in life." If the French are doing this with the means they have got, I'll eat my hat, which might have been almost as tastily prepared as three parts of the dinner I was confronted with last night in Montpellier, price 6s. At the next table a motoring Frenchman was telling of a recent domestic-holiday experience. "We stayed at a lot of hotels and, as usual, the food was everywhere *infecte et terriblement cher*." That sounds like Priestley in Birmingham, eh? The Frenchman was going by a higher standard? Not at all. Unless much picking is resorted to, or exceptional luck prevails, French dishes have sadly deteriorated from a combination of mass production, fake, and sheer laziness or lack of interest. As for wine, hardly a soul now departs from *ordinaire;* and if you call it savoir-vivre to live in a country packed with the choicest wines in the world and never to touch them, I don't. (Naturally there are other elements in savoir-vivre, yet this one of victuals has ever loomed largely.)

We still have on hand: thrift, liberty, and truth, moderation, taste, logic, and reason. What about them? What has happened there? Touching the national thrift, it is so that if you say to a companion walking with you, "I'll bet we hear the word 'franc' as these two pass," in 99 cases out of 100 you will be right. The French talk money in some shape or form all day long. We are rapidly moving away from a world in which the money-token's main duty shall be to fructify, but the French still believe that implicitly, so much so that M. Doumergue is just now doing his darndest to get his fellow citizens to uncover a matter of £500,000,000 which an insufficiency of confidence drove underground. There's thrift for you! Yes, yes, but there's another side to the story, in fact, two other sides. Presumably "thrift," when the term is uttered in English, implies a sensible attitude towards earnings. Well—the contemporary French simply have not got that. Either they figuratively sew away their country's wealth in mattresses or else they chuck it away right and left. This may surprise; yet I have witnessed more downright financial folly, private and public, in France in the last ten years than I could have imagined possible. Money has been hurled into enterprises of all kinds which the slightest gumption would have shown were no-go. I could fill this paper just with cases that have come to my personal knowledge. Secondly, as regards the national exchequer, it is bursting one year and they have to go craving loans from Dutch bankers the next. The French don't understand money one bit. Forget it. They just love its feel.

IN SAYING THE ABOVE I have, willy-nilly, slid on to the terrain of *mesure*. So proud of it, our friends are! But have they got it as much as they think, this "moderation"? *Mesure* may in reality be an overdone caution freely apt to have nefarious consequences. They see a sacred Anglo-Saxon tight and they say, "thank goodness, we French have *mesure*," forgetting, perhaps, that moderation extends beyond whisky, extends all over the shop. For example, women are still considered in France without much *mesure*. So are money, fresh air, exercise, while I have yet to find any *mesure* at all in the newspapers

(Continued on p. 292)

ELECTION FEVER: This candidate in his by-election poster points out that it will be necessary to assassinate him in order to prevent him putting into practice the policy he advocates

RITUAL BALLET *of* JAVA

OINES: Two of the characters in *Wayang Wong*, or *Wayang Orang*, the humanized development of the ancient shadow plays of Java. Several clubs have been started to revive these plays in their original purity

OPULENCE OF THE ORIENT: One of the leading characters in *Wayang Wong*. His costume blazes with jewels. Even the quiver, highly wrought and carven, is encrusted with gems

IMPROVISATORS: The clowns, Semar, Gareng, and Petroek, who alone are allowed to gag in a Javanese drama. The rest of the cast must conform not only in word but even in attitude to the traditional rules

"WAYANG WONG": A group on the stage recalling the leading lady and the chorus of the West

Of the various kinds of theatrical entertainment enjoyed by the inhabitants of Java, the *Wayang Wong* or *Wayang Orang*, a play in which the parts are taken by men, women, girls, and boys most nearly approximates to our Western conception of the theatre. It is of comparatively late development, being based on the older "Shadow Plays" of the eighteenth century, in which the shadows of flat leather figures are projected from behind on a white screen. The stories enacted are taken for the most part from the traditional old-time legends of the heroes, demi-gods, and kings of ancient Java. A wide-spread movement to revive the ancient legends in their original purity has led to the formation of several theatre clubs in Java that have been formed by scions of the Javanese nobility for the production of these Wayang legend plays.

DUNLOP
DUNLOP MAGNA
MADE IN ENGLAND
C.F.H.

11,000 MEN FIGHT TO SAVE A BRIDGE

A Remarkable Engineering Feat in India

THE HARDINGE BRIDGE OVER THE GANGES: This famous structure has been in grave danger of destruction as a result of a threatened change in the river's course, and an army of 11,000 men has been strenuously engaged during the past four months in building a giant mole to prevent the water flowing behind one of the abutments. According to a recent report the work is now almost complete and there is no likelihood of the bridge being washed away when the floods come at the beginning of June. *On right*—Coolies working on the construction of the mole

TAMING THE MIGHTY GANGES: Clay being excavated and removed by barges at a point about three miles above the Hardinge Bridge. This has been done to assist the smooth flow of the river

AN EARTHEN BARRICADE: The railhead near the mole where tens of thousands of tons of earth were brought in by train in order to assist in building the giant protective barrier

The accompanying pictures record one of the most dramatic feats ever accomplished in the history of engineering. The great Hardinge Bridge, which carries the Eastern Bengal Railway over the Ganges at Sara, is normally quite capable of withstanding the summer floods. Last year, however, a part of the bank was breached, and as a result the mighty river threatened to change its course and find its way behind one of the bridge abutments. If this had been allowed to occur the floodwaters would have undermined the structure, and some time during the course of this summer it would probably have collapsed. Realizing the danger and the short time at their disposal, the engineers recruited an army of 11,000 workers which has for the past four months been employed in building a great mole to keep the river flowing beneath the arches. All is now safe, but it has been a dramatic race against time

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A CLOCHAUN: A perfect example of an ancient stone dwelling hut on Inishmore. It is 19 ft. long, 7½ ft. wide, and 8 ft. high. Some authorities assert that the Romans taught the islanders how to build in this fashion

A STREET IN KILRONAN, THE CHIEF TOWN of the one Bay, is seen hauling a load of peat from the little Mon across from Connemara as there

NATURE IN THE RAW: An impression of the coast of Aran during the height of a winter gale. This dramatic picture is taken from the Gainsborough film, *Man of Aran*, which is now enjoying an outstanding success at the New Gallery

THE ISLANDS of Aran lie on the west coast of Ireland at a distance of twenty-nine miles from Galway Harbour. They stretch across the entrance to the bay, and form a natural breakwater against the wild Atlantic.

They were known a thousand years ago and are still believed by many of the peasantry to be the nearest land to the far-famed island of Hy Brasail or OBrazil, the blessed paradise of the pagan Irish.

There can be few other parts of Ireland so interesting as these Aran Islands, not only for their past history but also for the great number of pagan and Christian remains that are still to be found.

In each one of the three islands can be seen monuments of a great prehistoric people, whose work even in its ruined state may easily outlive that of later and more civilized nations.

I spent ten days on Inishmore; the most important of the three Aran islands. During that time I saw all the ruins, both pagan and Christian, and also got to know something of the people and their history.

It seems probable that these islands were in ancient times the stronghold of a warrior race, who preferred the freedom of the barren crags to serfdom in the more fertile lands of the interior.

The Firbolgs are generally considered to have been the early inhabitants of Aran, and we first hear of them in the account of the battle of Muireadh when they were defeated by the Tuatha-de-Danann, and were driven for refuge into Aran and other islands on the Irish coast. There they built on almost inaccessible sites those wonderful forts the ruins of which are still to be seen.

Built on the edge of the cliffs on the south-west coast of the island is a very ancient fort; it is called Dubh Caher. The walls are of very rude masonry, 20 ft. high and 18 to 16 ft. thick. All round outside is the chevaux de frise of sharp stones which served as an extra means of defence on the land side; these stones are set on end, and so closely together that it is quite impossible for man or beast to make his way through them. Indeed, nothing more efficacious could have been devised to break the ranks of an advancing foe.

The ancient Irish lived after a very nomadic fashion, in times of peace moving about with their flocks and herds, in times of danger returning to their entrenched villages and forts. Their houses were constructed of wood, stone, or wattles within the camp which was surrounded by ramparts or other defences. Those of stone were known as cahers or cashels, those of clay as raths, those of cliffs or other high places duns, and the stone huts were called clochauns.

Very similar to these clochauns are the small beehive huts which are to be seen in the Forum in Rome. These were discovered about nine years ago in the cremation tombs and were in use from the thirteenth to the seventh century B.C.

As we know from an inscription in the Seven Churches that the Romans came over to Aran, and that six of them were buried

DESTROYED BY THE ICONOCLASTIC ROUNDHEAD: All that remains of the seven churches which were of Aran at the command of Cromwell. On the three Islands of Inishmore, Inishmaan, and Inisheer, there an ecclesiastical or monastic character. Christianity was introduced to Aran in the fifth century and the of religious teachers and ascetics

ARAN

Record of a Summer Visit to Inishmore, of the Historic Aran Islands in Galway Famous Alike for its Christian and Pagan uments, its Saints, and its Legendary Heroes

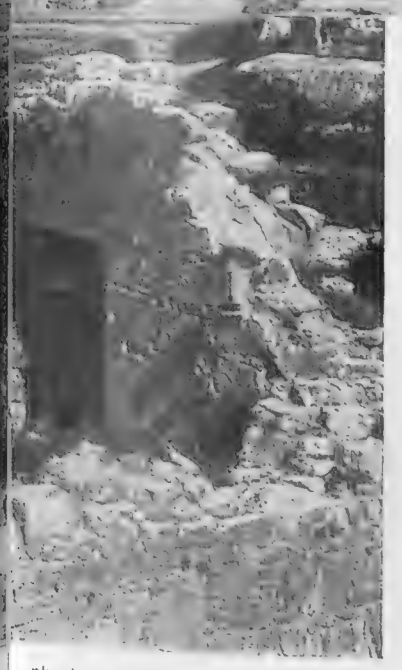
OF INISHMORE: One of the islanders harbour. This fuel has to be brought is none available locally

there, it is quite possible that they taught the people how to build these dwellings.

One of the first places visited by the tourist on setting foot on Inishmore is the fort of Dun Ængus, "the most magnificent barbaric monument now extant in Europe." Its gigantic proportions, isolated position, and the wild scenery by which it is surrounded render it well worth a visit.

It is built on the very edge of sheer cliffs, 250 to 300 ft. high, and is in the shape of a horse-shoe. Originally it was oval, but as a result of the crumbling of the cliffs it acquired its present form.

THE RUGGED COAST OF INISHMORE where the cliffs rise to a height of nearly 250 ft. and where, in winter, the Atlantic waves break with shattering force. On the highest point can be seen the outlines of Dun Ængus, which has been termed "the most magnificent barbaric monument now extant in Europe"



plundered and ruined by the Governor are no less than twenty buildings of islands soon became a famous resort

The Atlantic waves break against these cliffs with tremendous force, so it is not surprising that at times they fall in.

A countryman who was accompanying me to the fort, pointed out a place where about 40 ft. of the cliffs and land had collapsed within the last few months, and down below I could see the debris of the rocks lying in a huge pile.

We continued our walk, and eventually reached the Worm Hole which is below the cliffs. This place is looked upon with much fear by the inhabitants, as every ten years or so a sea serpent is said to make its appearance there. This always bodes some evil to the island. At any rate it is somewhat terrifying to hear the waves as they roll in with hollow thundering sound into the bowels of the rock.

Dun Ængus consists of three enclosures and the remains of a fourth. The wall which surrounds the innermost is 18 ft. high, 12 ft. 9 in. thick, and is built without cement of any kind! The doorway is extraordinarily low, being only 4 ft. 8 in. high, but probably the level was much lower when it was originally made; it is 3 ft. 5 in. wide, very slightly inclining, and the lintel is 5 ft. 10 in. long. Outside the second wall is the chevaux de frise, 30 ft. wide.

Dun Ængus is called after Ængus son of Hua Mor, a famous chieftain in Aran's pre-Christian history.

Certainly these early inhabitants of Aran had no difficulty in finding material for their cyclopean buildings. Indeed, my first impression on putting foot on the island was that it was stone and rock and very little else. Over the entire surface there is no earth whatsoever save what has been artificially created, and for the most part this is but a few inches deep.

I have walked over fields of nothing else but rock, with great fissures and interstices in the stratification. These are so narrow that it was with much difficulty I got my hand down to pick the maiden hair and other rare plants which grow with great luxuriance in them.

I shall never forget a walk we had along the high cliff beyond Dun Ængus exposed to the wild tempestuous winds of the Atlantic which blew us along, helter skelter over the rocky fields, every minute expecting to catch our feet in the fissures and break our legs. When the wind was at its strongest the only safeguard was to sit down on the hard rock and wait for a lull.

One morning we were watching women and children picking kelp on the shore. Before they returned home to their dinner we persuaded them to dance a jig for us. Biddy Durane required little pressing; she had been working hard all the morning and was wet above her knees as a result of standing in the water. But evidently her heart was young, and the merry twinkle in her eye showed that she was keen for a little "divarsion." Her wet petticoats did not damp her ardour, nor did the "pampooties" (sandals) interfere with the light measure she began to tread on that rocky surface. To the familiar strain of "Thump the Potlid," sung by my friend, she took the floor. The Russian dancers were not in it! We sat around, some on the kelp baskets, some on the bare rock, lost in admiration at the agility and light-heartedness of this happy old woman.

KELP GATHERERS: An interlude in the day's work

The sandals or pampooties worn by the islanders are made of raw cowhide with the hair on the outside cut low at the sides with a little pointed piece in front, sufficient to cover the toes. They are tied with a piece of string across the instep in more or less classical fashion. Owing to the difficulty of walking on the huge limestone flags the sandals are very largely worn by the Aranites, and no doubt account for that peculiarly shuffling, but at the same time swinging, step which is noticeable in their walk.

The clothes are mostly home-made of yellowish flannel, spun, woven, and bleached on the island. The men as a rule wear no coats even in their Sunday attire. They prefer a "bawmeen" or jersey of some dark blue knitted material, while the trousers are of the homespun flannel. The boys up to the age of ten or twelve wear red petticoats and look very comical.

One of the chief industries on the island is kelp making. The seaweed is gathered when the tide is out, dried, and then burnt and exported. It is then used in the manufacture of iodine.

Fishing is another important Aran industry, but the methods are very primitive and inadequate. The little open boats, called curraghs, are made of canvas, and are very light. I went out in one, and found I had to sit very still or I should have upset it! We put in at Port Murvey, formerly known as the "Sea-plain of Mil" (after Mil, one of the brothers of Ængus), and the two boys carried the boat upside down on their heads to the beach.

(Continued on p. 292)

AN ISLAND OF MONUMENTS: One of the many memorial stones to be seen on Inishmore. It bears a request for prayers to be said for the soul of the person it commemorates. In the distance is the harbour and the little town of Kilronan

THE NEW PHASE: The 8,000-ton cargo vessel, *Arcwear*, leaving the slipway at the Sunderland shipyard of Messrs. Short Bros. She is designed in "arc form" and is said to be extraordinarily economical in running

THE FUTURE of the TRAMP STEAMER

Will the new, scientifically planned Cargo Vessels with low running costs be able to survive in this era of keen competition for the Carrying Trade of the World?

By FRANK C. BOWEN

THE GREAT shipping slump from which we are now very slowly beginning to emerge, a slump which has lasted thirteen years in varying degree and which is by far the greatest of many slumps in the past century, will certainly mean the end of an epoch in the history of merchant shipping.

History repeats itself even more regularly on sea than it does on land, and other slumps have only been overcome by a drastic change—the discovery of new trades, the substitution of steam for sail and of iron for wood, the invention of economical prime movers, or the substitution of limited companies for the old system of ownership in 64th shares. What will be the change forced upon the industry on this occasion? Shipping men have been trying to solve that problem for several years now and the solution is only made more difficult by the efforts of many brilliant men to hasten it.

To many the great question is whether the tramp steamer will survive, especially under the British flag, or whether we and all other well-regulated and therefore expensive merchant services will be forced to confine ourselves to cargo liners, running on regular berth whether they are full or empty, and to leave the tramping business to the flags, mostly in the Mediterranean, which can run their ships infinitely more cheaply, and which can buy vessels long after their British days are done, and still make a profit out of them. This is very important, for many authorities maintain that a real shipping revival is quite impossible unless it includes the tramp; until quite recently a very large proportion of British tonnage was on the tramping trades, picking up a cargo wherever transport was needed and, a matter of great importance to Britain, our essential services of grain inwards and coal outwards are really the basis of the tramping business. To speak of the money already sunk in the tramping side of shipping is beside the point; a great part of that is lost in any circumstances.

IN NORMAL DAYS the tramp undoubtedly has great advantages over the liner and is the cheapest known method of overseas transport. She is used for bulk cargoes only—grain, coal, timber, raw materials for our industries, and the like—and economy is the keyword of her construction and running. So much cheaper is she than the normal cargo liner that in the old days it would very often pay better to charter a whole tramp for little more than a half cargo than to ship "in parcels." But since the War the cargo liners—and these include ships built for nothing but cargo, and also passenger vessels with large holds—have been getting more and more of the tramp's regular business. They are faster, and with violently fluctuating prices no man wants to have his goods tied up in a floating warehouse. They save the cost of collecting a full cargo, they let the consignee and shipper get their money back as quickly as possible, and their driblets of cargo are generally quite sufficient for the present overstocked markets.

But it is to be hoped that these conditions will not last for ever, and in the meanwhile the tramping business is passing more and more into the hands of our competitors. The smaller maritime powers, Greece, Panama, Estonia, and Latvia being conspicuous, are steadily increasing their tramp fleets, generally by the purchase of British ships which cannot make a living under the Red Ensign, and while our ships are laid up in fleets in the Blackwater, Fal, and a dozen other rivers, or are going to the ship-breakers at a tithe of their book value, these foreign tramps are carrying cargoes between different points of the British Empire, or between the Dominions and the Motherland.

ONE MAY ASK how it is that they can do this, when the ships are old and when a ship always loses efficiency as she gets older. But that really applies to little else than her fuel economy; there are a score of other ways in which money can be saved. These ships do not have to carry wireless or all the other elaborate and expensive devices on which the Board of Trade insists for the safety of ship and crew. The manning scale is very much smaller than our authorities would regard as the minimum of safety. Insurances are cut down to the bare bone and there is no compulsory third party insurance at sea. The ship is insured against total loss only and if the repair bill looks like being a long one she is abandoned to the underwriters as soon as possible. The cargo is insured separately, but the unfortunate shipowner who has a collision with one of these vessels has little chance of recovering a penny. Wage scales are either non-existent or not observed; victualling is on a very much lower scale than under the Red Ensign. And above all, many of these countries have underpaid officials who are willing to eke out a living by closing an eye to the breach of any regulation that may be expensive to the shipowner.

The question is whether these very great financial advantages can be overcome by the British building really good tramps as they have done in the past, and saving large sums on the fuel bills. The advantage to the shippers and consignees of a new and seaworthy vessel against an old one would appear to be obvious, but few of them care very much; many bulk cargoes come to no harm for a little sea water, and with regard to the others there are always the underwriters to fall back on. So it is with the speed of these new ships; when trade is good they can pay better by delivering more cargoes, but when it is bad they cost more to lie idle than old and slow vessels.

AT ANY RATE Britain is ready to try the experiment as soon as trade has improved sufficiently to justify the building of new tramps at all. During the slump our inventors have been very busy indeed, and have evolved many new methods of saving money in the running of the ships. Whether even the best of these ideas can overcome the foreigners' advantages enumerated above is an open question that can only be answered by experience.

But in any event there will be plenty of opportunity to put the matter to test. At the end of the War the ordinary tramp steamer was a very simple vessel—box-like in construction in order to carry the largest amount of cargo, aiming at her economy with the simplest possible triple-expansion engines and Scottish boilers. One can scarcely imagine such a vessel being built to-day.

Those in search of economy have gone into every one of her points. The Diesel has been considered, but while it has made immense progress in cargo liners it is generally at a disadvantage in a tramp. But the economy in the engine-room can be improved out of all recognition. Improved boilers working at higher pressures with superheaters and other gadgets to reduce the fuel consumption, engines with poppet valves and other devices to improve performance, or exhaust turbines to use the very last ounce of power in the steam. Stream-lined rudders and stern posts, wing fins to get the best flow of water to the screw, and radically altered hull lines which will carry as much, or practically as much, cargo with a resistance to the water which is so reduced that the ship demands a very much smaller power to drive her along. Over nearly all of these hovers the bogey of increased capital cost which must be avoided by a tramp owner in any circumstances; but many of them have done wonders with a ship or machinery which is little or no more expensive than one of ordinary type, and the question is whether these ships, up to date in every particular, can overcome the financial advantages, often backed by subsidies, of the cheaply run foreign tramps, and bring back to the Red Ensign the old trade, and especially the food trade, of Britain and the world.

RUNNING HER TRIALS: The S.S. *Francis Fladgate*, which was built last year for the London Power Company by the Burntisland Shipbuilding Company

THE SIESTA: Ducklings follow their parents' example and indulge in an afternoon "nap"—a snapshot taken at the ornamental pond in Kensington Gardens

INTRUDERS BEWARE: Hundreds of swans are now nesting in the reeds at Weymouth where there is a large swannery. Photographing these birds is a risky task as, at this time of year, they are quick to attack if they think their eggs are going to be disturbed

STUDY IN LIGHT AND SHADE: Bird life on the shore caught in contemplative mood by the camera

Bird Life in Spring

THE ORDER OF THE BATH: A proud mother complete with eleven ducklings has made her appearance on Regent's Park lake. She seems very conscious of the fact that hers is the first brood of the summer

A CORNISH IDYL: A delightful scene in the narcissus fields above the River Tamar, Cornwall, where the fruit trees protect the growing flowers from the winds

BLOSSOM-TIME in ENGLAND

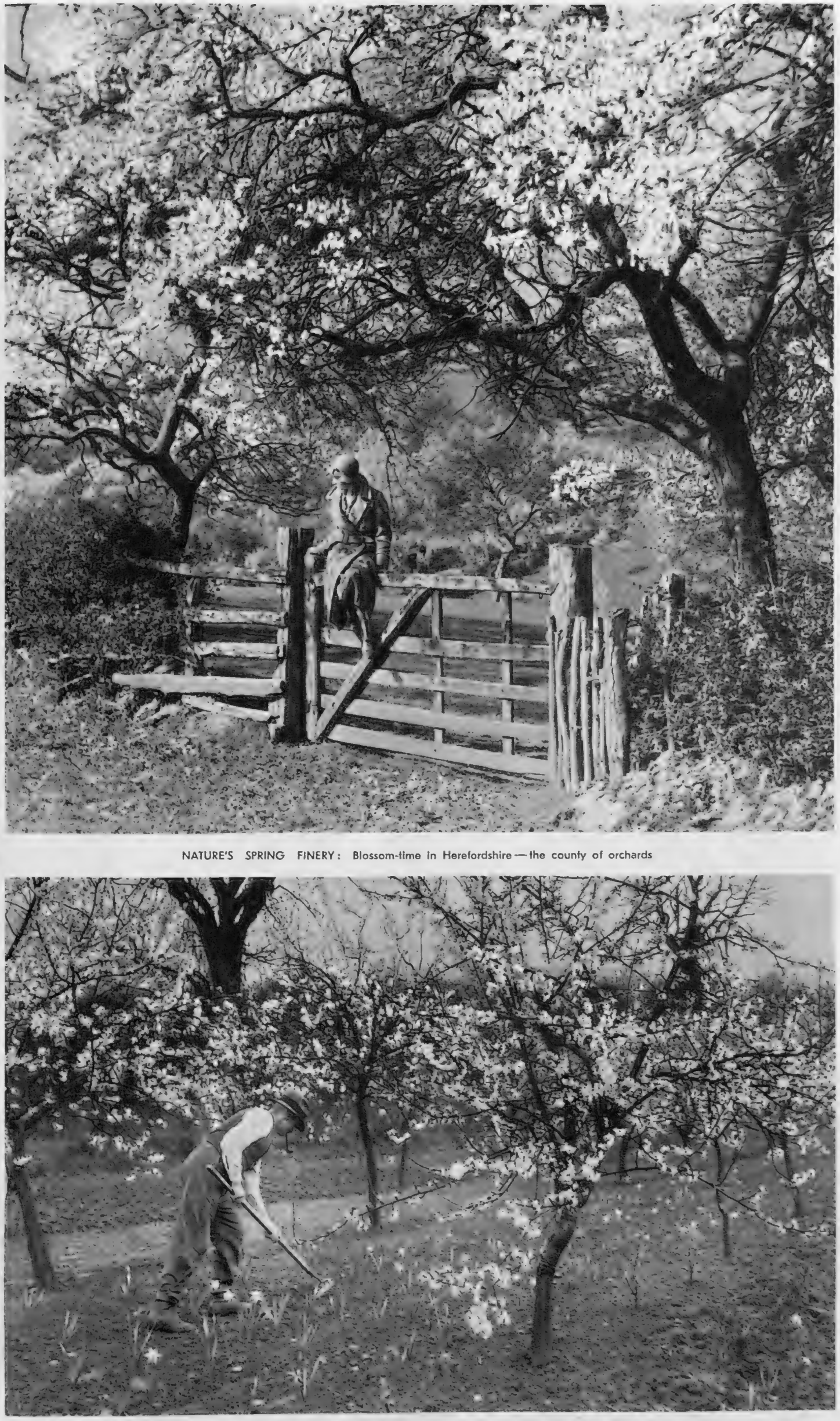
The sunshine and showers of April have produced a remarkable transformation among the orchards of the English countryside. In the Vale of Evesham the leaf is already advancing to the destruction of the earliest of the blue plum blossom. Cherry is now out, and in a few days' time the apple orchards will continue the bridal procession of spring. In Kent, too, many Early River orchards are now a mass of delicate pink and white blossom. The valley of the Medway and all the countryside around Paddock Wood, Yalding, and Malling show widespread and profuse bloom, with the promise of a fine fruit crop later

IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: A sow and her
in full bloom. Such a picture might have be
in Kent where the blossom this spring gives
bountiful autumn. A substantial tariff on im
to sustain the market price last year, and a
forward to another profitab

Left—AN OAST HOUSE AMID THE BLOOMS
of Newington Church, Ke

her litter beneath a cherry tree
e been taken almost anywhere
gives promise of a particularly
imported cherries did much
d again growers are looking
itable season

OMS: A view from the tower
, Kent



NATURE'S SPRING FINERY: Blossom-time in Herefordshire — the county of orchards

IN THE HEART OF THE PLUM COUNTRY: Young trees of the famous blue plum variety in the Vale of Evesham. The blossom is now beginning to fall, but many of the orchards are still a riot of colour

"FRESH AIR STUBBS" by Reginald G. Brundrit, A.R.A.

"THE MAIDENS," by B. Fleetwood-Walker

R.A.

A Further Selection from the Summer Exhibition

ART OF THE SCULPTOR: Head from a figure of "Spring," by Charles Wheeler, A.R.A. *Right*—"His Excellency the Polish Ambassador," by Alexander Dearnley

Right — "THE STEEL PUDDLER," by Sergeant Jagger, A.R.A.

"MRS. DUDLEY MADDICK" by T. Martine Ronaldson

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"SEA-BORN VENUS" by J. B. Souter

"DERBY DAY" by A. Egerton Cooper

"THE DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL" by S. J. Lamorna Birch, R.A.

"THE WIND AND THE SEA" by Robert W. Allan

"WESTERHAM MILL" by S. R. Badmin

"SEPTEMBER IN THE SUBURBS" by Francis Dodd, A.R.A.

THE LEATHER *and the* WILLOW

Meeting the Needs of Britain's Great Army of Cricketers—How Bats and Balls are Made

By CHARLES GRAVES

A TRICKY PROCESS: Fitting the cane handle to the blade of a bat in John Wisden's factory

THE MAKING OF A CRICKET BALL: The core consists of strips of cork bound with damp worsted

INTRICATE STITCHING: Assembling the separate portions of the leather cover

SHAPING THE COVER: How the leather is cut to size and pressed into shape

IS CRICKET on the blink? Some say definitely that it is, despite the added stimulus provided by the arrival of the Australians.

Others assert with equal fervour that it is not, claiming that the poor attendance at county matches during the past four years, and the decrease in the sale of bats, balls, pads, stumps, and gloves were entirely due to the general slump. With the general return to prosperity, they say, this will no longer be evident. The rival school of thought points out that small boys no longer know the batting average of every leading player, whether amateur or professional, as we did when we were at school, and that in 1934 the average youth of nineteen or twenty prefers an hour's exercise at lawn tennis on his week-ends, followed by a date with his girl.

LET US HOPE that this is not so; not so much from the sentimental viewpoint (because every year, as we all know, cricket deviates more and more from the unwritten code which once made it a synonym for sportsmanship) as from the practical side. The cricket industry in this country employs many thousands of people all the year round, and a sum considerably in excess of £1,000,000 is sunk in it. The managing director of one of the most important firms of athletic goods manufacturers in this country estimates that 28,000 people are employed in the cricket industry, and that at least £400,000 worth of cricketing paraphernalia are sold each year. This includes 80,000 pairs of pads, 100,000 pairs of batting gloves, and 30,000 pairs of wicket gloves. Nor must it be supposed that it is a purely seasonal trade. Since last September this firm in Long Lane, S.E.1, has, for example, been turning out 500 pairs of cricket pads each week for the English season, and is now in full swing, though well behind, on the export trade. Its manufacture of gloves is in proportion.

from the cheap Indian variety. For it takes twenty-two cricketers to wear out two or three cricket balls.

It is difficult to estimate the number of people who play cricket regularly to-day. But from a variety of statistics submitted to me it looks as though at least 180,000 do so in Great Britain—which works out an average of one in every 255. In the London Federation of Cricket Clubs, which only includes a handful like Horsham outside the strictly urban area, there are 953. In Crooked Lane, E.C. 4, there is a shop known all over the world for its collection and selection of club colours. From its manager I gather that cricket clubs in this country alone run into thousands, while all over the world, where eleven or twelve Englishmen meet together, there is always some form of cricket played. One of the most famous clubs is the Five C's in Cairo—the Cairo Catch as Catch Can Cricket Club. Then in Los Angeles we have the Hollywood Cricket Club, the president of which is Aubrey Smith (once a county player, you will recall). The vice-presidents include P. G. Wodehouse, George Arliss, Ronald Colman, and Leon Errol, while one of the committee is none other than the screen villain, Boris Karloff. The club colours are dark green, light blue, and white, and the fixture list includes matches against Pasadena, Monte Carlo, Los Angeles, Venice, Golden Gate, Sons of St. George, the Canadian Legion, and the Barbarians.

According to this authority club cricket is very much on the increase. No wonder, when *Wisden's* estimate is that at least 6,500 dozen cricket balls are made and sold in this country each year, apart

SO FAR, in Canada and the United States the cricketers' needs are all supplied from England. There are no local industries. This is very different from Australia and India. Great Britain is being flooded with cheap cricket balls made in factories at Sialkot and other places in the Punjab. These enter Great Britain free of duty at a very low price, being made by natives who are glad to take a bag of rice or what have you in payment for stitching a dozen cricket balls.

In view of the 40 per cent. tariff on English sports goods entering India, and similar obstacles in other countries and Dominions, it certainly looks as though the English cricket industry is entitled to some protection at home. For the Indian and other sports goods enter here scot free. But before dealing with the export trade, which includes India, Holland, Australia, New Zealand, Malaya, Dutch East Indies, South Africa, Rhodesia, West Indies, the Argentine, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and (to a very small extent) Canada, and the United States, let us look at the mechanics of the home industry.

In Great Britain to-day there are about twenty firms which make cricket bats, of which five are important. Similarly, there are five firms which make cricket balls, of which only two really count. Every year about 140,000 bats are made and sold; which seems to tally pretty well with the figure of 180,000 people playing cricket to-day. For whereas there are several humble teams with only two bats to the side, there must be many people who buy a couple a season, and quite a few who have half a dozen.

BUT HOW are cricket bats made? Well, the willow comes chiefly from Essex, Cambridgeshire, or Norfolk. The trees ought to be from twelve to fourteen years old, but there is a dearth of the wood, and in many instances the trees are much younger when they are cut down into cricket bats. When possible, the manufacturers buy the wood in rough slabs known as clefts. But quite often the owners of the willow trees will only sell them as they stand, so that the bat makers have to take a big risk in the quality of the wood.

Actually the clefts, as the willow is known when it has been cut into lengths, are piled into stacks and left in the timber yard for nine months to season. The first operation on them is the paring down by the circular saw. Then comes the "maker," who first causes the cleft to take the semblance of a bat with a slice of his draw-knife. Next it goes to the man in charge of the band-saw, who places the

(Continued on p. 290)

ENCLOSING THE CORE IN THE COVERS preparatory to seaming the ball together with silk flax or cat-gut. The latter process is shown on the right

THE "ENDEAVOUR" ON HER MAIDEN SAIL

And Other Yachting Pictures

LONDON YACHTING ENTHUSIASTS

Members of the Thames Sailing Club making the best of a stiff breeze on the river at Surbiton

BILLOWING SAILS ON THE BROADS

Craft of the Norfolk Dinghy Club seen through the reeds near Horning Ferry

An air view of Mr. Sopwith's *Endeavour* during her first trip on the Solent

THE AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGER

THE SKY TRAIN: One of the De Havilland air liners which is to be used by Railway Air Services, the new company in which the four great British railways are interested. It has a top speed of about 175 m.p.h. and is believed to be the fastest four-engined commercial machine in the world

MULTUM IN PARVO: Flight-Lieut. Nicholas Comper with the monoplane he has designed himself and in which he will compete in the forthcoming Coupe Deutsch de la Meurthe Air Race to be held near Paris. The machine is fitted with a 146-h.p. engine and can attain a speed of 200 m.p.h.

THE ECONOMY 'PLANE: This diminutive machine, which has just been built by the Payne Engineering Company of Cicero, Illinois, weighs 400 lbs., and can cruise 120 miles in one hour on 3 gallons of petrol

WHEELS, ENGINES, WINGS

A Survey of the Progress of Aviation Twenty-five Years After Blériot's Famous Cross-Channel Flight

A QUARTER of a century of aviation! Those who design flying machines, those who build them, and those who pilot them, are pausing, reflecting, and peering into a fascinating future.

It was twenty-five years ago, focusing my field glasses from the sand-dunes near Calais, that I watched the beginning of one of the greatest of all air adventures.

Standing up in his tiny monoplane, Blériot turned to us and asked:

"Where is Dover?"

Eager hands pointed in the right direction. And the next instant that frail, bird-like machine shot out across the Channel to make aerial history.

A flight of just on forty minutes lay before it on its passage above the sea to the English coast. Yet never before had its little motor run for more than about twenty minutes without over-heating. It was a life-or-death gamble. And Blériot knew it.

But fortune favoured the brave that day. Half-way across the Channel the machine flew into a rainstorm. This cooled the motor, and it kept running long enough for the airman to make his triumphant landing near Dover Castle; the first man in the world to cross the Channel between France and England in a heavier-than-air flying machine.

Never, from that day, has Blériot lost his faith in the air. Never for a moment has he doubted the ultimate value in the world of the high-speed flying machine.

CONTRAST the aviation of to-day with that pioneer flying of twenty-five years ago! The machine in which Blériot made his perilous crossing of the Channel was driven by a 25-h.p. motor, and carried just one man, its pilot. To-day, one of our great 14-ton air-liners, driven by engines developing more than 2,000 h.p., has accommodation in its saloons for thirty-nine passengers, in addition to its crew, and white-jacketed stewards serve you with five- or six-course meals as you rush high above the Channel—dreaded no longer from an aerial point of view.

The progress of air travel is truly amazing. When civil aviation began, fifteen years ago, we had only 3,000 miles of air routes in Europe. To-day the figure stands at 60,000 miles; while throughout the globe, at the present time, there are more than 200,000 miles of aerial routes. Giant craft are also on the eve of their trials, with which it is hoped we may be able to forge the long-range ocean links of a completely globe-girdling airway. It may not be long, in fact, before we shall be able to stroll into the booking-hall at London's airport and say:

"A flying ticket round the world, please!"

Life moves swiftly nowadays. Already I have lived through two "booms" which have altered the habits of practically all of us; and now I am on the eve of a third which will have effects even more remarkable.

As a boy, years ago, I rode a solid-tyred bicycle. Then I was promoted to one which had cushion tyres, and that seemed an immense luxury. Then, soon after that, we began to see bicycles going along the roads with queer, fat-looking tyres which made us say to each other, quite excitedly:

"There goes a pneumatic-tyred machine!"

Presently I myself had the joy of riding down a quiet lane on one of those pneumatic-tyred bicycles. I shall never forget the sensation. It seemed just like floating along.

Then while we youths were adventuring on the roads on our new air-borne wheels, we began to meet strange, noisy, clanking machines driven by gentlemen who sat bolt upright and wore, habitually, an anxious, strained expression. Those were the early motor cars!

One I remember particularly which we encountered on the King's highway. When it stopped, as it did often, its driver got out and, thrusting his arm down within its "innards," pulled violently on a belt to get it to start again. After which followed shattering explosions, and the whole machine quivered as though it was going to shake itself to pieces.

It was an age of invention—of imagination. I flew big kites. I drew up plans for a queer flapping-wing type of air machine. I made adventurous flights in balloons. And then the news reached us that the Wright brothers in America, taking a leaf out of the book of the early motor car, and building a petrol engine of their own design, had turned one of their gliders into a man-carrying, power-driven aeroplane which could really be controlled in a sustained flight, and had thus solved a problem which had, hitherto, seemed insoluble.

WHEELS, engines, wings! And now to-day I find myself on the threshold of the greatest phase! For all the air knowledge of the world—all the experience gained before, during, and since the War—is being directed towards the simplification of the aeroplane; towards making it cheaper to buy and easier to fly. Developing swiftly towards the ideal to the cheap, safe, simple "flying car" we have revolving-wing craft which can go up almost vertically, which can be slowed-up in mid-air till they are dawdling along at a few miles an hour, and which can come down almost like a lift into any quite small area, pulling up on alighting just like a car.

Years ago the writers of scientific romances were telling us of the sort of 'plane you would wheel out from a small shed, unfold its wings, start up some quite simple type of motor, and, after taking your seat, just go soaring off. A dream we thought it then. But we do not think it a dream to-day.

That little winged machine — "everybody's 'plane"—is much nearer, now, than many think. Prices have got to come down—and they will. Already under test, ready for putting on the market, are air machines which in their simplicity and ease of control will open up a completely new era: and they will sell at prices far lower than has been possible hitherto.

Many wonders we have seen. Many more we are yet to see. Aerodromes are springing up all over the country—the "garages" of the flying man. Something like 3,000 miles of inland air lines will be in operation this summer throughout the British Isles. And we may soon have in our hands tiny little low-powered "sky cars" which will give us the freedom of the air just as bicycles and motor cars have given us the freedom of the roads.

WHEN we all fly, and not just occasionally, it will seem like a new life to us. In addition to our week-ends by motor car at the seaside, we shall week-end far across the Continent by air. We shall be able to fly along our great empire skyways, with their chains of air-stations, with no greater an expenditure of time than is the case with a trip of only a few hundred miles by surface transport.

Not just one country or continent, but the entire world will be our playground in the great age of the air. Mountains, forests, rivers, deserts—we shall look down on them all from our bird's-eye point of view. Life will be more worth living—we shall see so much more and do so much more—when we all have our flying cars.

Harry Harper

RECORD-BREAKERS: Mr. Kenneth Waller and Mr. Bernard Rubin who recently completed a flight from Australia to England in eight-and-a-half days, thus beating by ten hours the record set up by Mr. Mollison in 1931

"Another whisky, father?"
"Thanks my boy — and see that it's

DEWAR'S"

THE MOST DISCRIMINATING PALATES APPRECIATE THE FAMOUS "White Label"

Papal PARADISE On EARTH

THE POPE AND THE TALKIES: Signor Alberini, director of British Paramount News in Rome, explained the mechanism to Pope Pius XI when His Holiness recorded an interview

PLEASAUNCE OF THE POPE: A portion of the gardens at Castel Gandolfo which, under the terms of the Lateran Treaty, incorporates the Imperial Gardens of Domitian. They are situated above Lake Albano which lies some sixteen miles south-east of Rome

THE PRESENT POPE, though a man of simple tastes, seems to be on the way to reviving the grandeur and papal display of his medieval predecessors.

It is expected of him. He is building right and left in Vatican City. One hears of a papal train in the Turin workshops with mother-o'-pearl fittings. And the great villa at Castel Gandolfo, which the freed Pontiff intends to use as a summer residence, is all that Pope or Emperor could wish.

Pius XI will bless the Lateran Treaty when, released from the torrid midsummer heat of Rome, he enjoys the gorgeous gardens of Castel Gandolfo and looks out from flowery terraces to the cool surface of Lake Albano. It is a lovely spot.

By the terms of the Lateran Treaty, Villa Barberini, close to the Papal palace, was handed over to the Holy See for incorporation in the palace. It has been restored and enlarged and, with the villa originally constructed by Urban VIII, makes an imposing residence. The Villa Barberini was built in the early seventeenth century by the princely Roman family of that name, who had chosen the site of the favourite imperial villa of Domitian. A good deal of this magnificent imperial villa, which is known to have been lavishly decorated, has been uncovered and restored in the course of the work recently undertaken by the Holy See; and a remarkable collection of classic marbles has been unearthed.

A REPORT ON THESE valuable discoveries has been made to the Academy of Christian Archæology by Dr. Barthelemy Nogara, Director of the Pontifical Galleries and Museums; and a brief account appears in *Illustrazione Vaticana* for August of last year. When I visited Castel Gandolfo during the winter, the collection was still there, though only to be seen by special authority, and it is understood that the Pope intends to have one of the rooms at his palace at Castel Gandolfo fitted out as a museum to receive these rare and remarkable examples of classic statuary.

There is a copy, much mutilated, of the famous statue of Marsias which adorned the Athenian Acropolis. It was found when excavating for the stairway leading to the olive groves, and, in spite of being much damaged, is a valuable discovery. The Lateran Museum has a complete copy of the same statue. There is also a beautiful figure of an athlete, copied from a work by Policletus, and a basalt torso reproducing a work of Scopas. The Policletus copy, being almost intact (only the right arm and part of the left are missing), is of special interest, and should be compared with the London copy of the same statue.

AMONG THE FOUNDATIONS of the ancient hippodrome were discovered a great many fragments of an equestrian statue, which have now been put together. The statue represents Domitian, and closely resembles the equestrian group of Marcus Aurelius at Rome. A Bacchante, one of many known copies, was also unearthed; but perhaps the most curious of the discoveries made in the grounds of Domitian's villa is a small, almost complete, statue of Mythras. The Mythras cult was apparently honoured by the *Partica* legion, which was quartered in the locality, and had been recruited chiefly in the East.

Some of the ancient columns, with parts of their entablatures, have now been re-erected in the park, and very effective they are among the tall cypresses. A large part of the cryptoportica has also been unearthed and restored. Another interesting discovery is the ancient paved way, which, deviating from the Appian Way, led into Domitian's private grounds. On one side of the road were found the ruins of a small house, thought to have been one of the lodges at the entrance to the imperial park. These ancient ruins, survivals of one of the richest palaces of antiquity, give an extraordinary charm to the reorganized imperial gardens. They could not have a more effective setting, and the whole Papal residence, with its glorious gardens and one of the loveliest views in the neighbourhood of Rome, is in itself almost sufficient justification for the Lateran Treaty

HEADLESS BACCHANTE discovered among the ruins of Domitian's palace near Lago Albano, now included in the Papal garden

Important discoveries at Castel Gandolfo

"TITUS FLAVIUS DOMITIANUS"—a statue discovered recently in the grounds of his own palace. The son of Vespasian—he succeeded to the purple in 81. His reign, first sunny with success, closed in the clouds of failure and the thunder of atrocity which, in truth, eclipsed the infamy of Nero

An EUROPEAN News SURVEY

AUSTRIA: The scene in the great Vienna Stadium during the presentation of a costume play in honour of Dr. Dollfuss, "the saviour of Austria." This was one of several impressive May Day spectacles in Vienna which passed off without interference from the Socialists

SPAIN: Señor Ricardo Samper, the new Spanish Prime Minister appointed to succeed Señor Lerroux. The Samper Ministry, which differs only slightly from its predecessor and is pursuing a similar programme, has received a substantial majority in the Cortes

ITALY: The new War memorial in white and green marble which was recently unveiled by King Victor Emmanuel at Prato, near Florence. On the same day the King declared open the railroad linking the town with Bologna

ITALY: Crown Prince Umberto (right) and his wife (left) watching the competition for the Mussolini Gold Cup at the International Horse Show in Rome. The Crown Princess is the sister of the new King of the Belgians

GERMANY: A member of the Japanese colony in Berlin who was present at the Embassy a few days ago when an official celebration was held in honour of the birth of the Japanese Crown Prince

A NEW OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: A dramatic incident in "Arabella," the opera by Richard Strauss which is now being performed for the first time in this country. The setting is Vienna in the 1860's

THE HEROINE OF THE STRAUSS OPERA: Arabella and one of her suitors. Her father's one idea is to see her richly married in order to pay the gambling debts which have brought him to the verge of ruin

A COSTUME DESIGN FOR THE NINE EXECUTIONERS in Weinberger's opera, "Schwanda," which was presented at Covent Garden last week. It achieved a considerable success in Vienna

ANYONE WHO was present, as I was, for an hour or so at the Variety Command Performance would have thought it impossible for variety ever to be in a parlous condition.

Here was the cream of the profession (with some regrettable absentees), basking in Royal favour, extracting Royal laughter—make no mistake about that, for their Majesties love a joke and cast ceremony to the winds when they enjoy one—and generally having a great time of it in a flower-bedecked house. George Robey rushed away with chief honours; his German music-master is a masterpiece of musical fooling. Violet Loraine who brought back memories of old Alhambra revues, Billy Bennett was immensely funny in the short time allowed him, and another performer, in a couple of dreadful minutes, showed exactly how unfunny it is possible to be. I cannot go into further details; it was a good entertainment and, on the whole, a sumptuous dish to set before the King.

But there is another side to the music-hall profession of which the public knows nothing. All is not well with the "halls," not because of any lack of talent, but because of a serious and, to my mind, iniquitous system which forbids what talent there is to have a decent chance.

That system is known as "the barring clause," and its stupidities and silly tyranny are embodied in a tiny booklet which members of the profession carry, most of them in their waistcoat pocket. Printed in blue are long lists of music-halls, restaurants, etc., which other halls "bar," and which are, in turn, "barred" by other halls. This means that, in the West End, an engagement at any one of them precludes an artist from working at the list of "barred" halls for sixteen weeks before that engagement. In the case of suburban halls the period is thirty-two weeks. A certain number of weeks *after* the engagement are also forbidden.

An engagement, for instance, at the Holborn Empire means that for four months before it is taken up the unfortunate performer is not allowed to appear at the Alhambra, Coliseum, Hippodrome, Covent Garden Opera House, Palladium, the Trocadero Restaurant, and twelve other establishments.

THE RHINE MAIDENS: A picture taken during a rehearsal for "Das Rheingold" at Covent Garden

Whom this lunacy is intended to benefit I cannot conceive, though I am told that the managers are in favour of it under the impression that it ensures "exclusive services." They do not seem to realize that you destroy, not enhance, the value of a "turn" you have booked by not allowing it to appear elsewhere, for in that way valuable publicity is destroyed. As for the unfortunate performer, he is thus in many cases prevented from working more than a few weeks in the year.

The very big "stars" find ways and means—usually financial ones—of evading this, and I do not blame them. But the smaller folk suffer and are confronted with the choice between starvation in the profession and abandoning it altogether and getting a living outside. It is the "barring clause" which chokes the new material without which the torch cannot be handed on. Yet the big-wigs who have arranged this system and enforce it, and are mighty proud of it, do not see that it means, in the long run, the end of variety and the end of them.

A PROMISING PRODUCT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART: Emma Trechman, who takes the part of Daphne Martin in "The Dark Tower"—the new play at the Shaftesbury

"Ladies in Waiting."—Mr. Cyril Campion's *Ladies in Waiting* at the Westminster Theatre shows us a bevy of beautiful women all waiting in some Adamless Eden in Yorkshire for a lady-detective to discover which of them, in jealous hatred of the girl who was to be married the following day, stole her pearls, savaged her wedding-dress, and put poison into a water-bottle.

The play is described as "a play of suspense" and suspense was not wholly absent, though the thrills were of a minor order. But I was so perplexed by improbabilities that I managed to survive the suspense with tolerable equanimity. There are houses where conceivably, a large gang of women, most of them exquisitely dressed, stay without a host or male guests; but a large and well-furnished mansion on the eve of a "county" wedding is not one of them. The author did not introduce even a butler into *Ladies in Waiting*, so male unemployment in the profession has not been lessened by one unit, and the "laddies" in waiting round the hostelries of Bedford Street and the Charing Cross Road remain uncheered and undiminished.

However, it was not Mr. Campion's business to be a philanthropist or to keep an eye on the labour market. He only had to show, with as much excitement as may be, who stole those pearls. I am rather tired of these stage problems as to who stole something or who murdered someone; but there are plenty of more important people (who pay for their seats) who are not.

Miss Catherine Lacey, in a tailor-made suit so exquisitely cut that private-detective work suggests itself as a highly profitable employment for our girls, untied the knots with great dignity. I do not know how women behave when they are alone with women; the questions Miss Lacey had to ask her fellow females were so exasperatingly impertinent that I should have thought only hat-pins and hair-pulling could have met the situation. Miss Clara Harris as a Yorkshire cook brought in a breath of real life.

DRAMA and OPERA

The Variety Command Performance — Sumptuous Fare for Their Majesties: Wagner's Instructions Disobeyed for no Apparent Reason: "The Dark Tower"—A Case of Misapplied Ingenuity

By PHILIP PAGE

"DIE WALKURE": Wotan announces to Brünnhilde (Frida Leider) her punishment for disobedience and condemns her to lie on a rock encircled with flame. Rudolf Böckelmann gave a brilliant performance as Wotan, particularly in those passages where he was not required to exert his voice to the full. Note the new and more realistic scenery now in use

The Opera.—The new scenery and lighting for the earlier portions of the *Ring* at Covent Garden, having covered themselves with almost divine glory and drawn deserved rapture from the discerning, *Götterdämmerung* showed a falling-off. Indeed, this was a real "twilight of the gods," and some reputations crashed even as did the hall of the Gibichungs.

The new setting for the first-act scenes was certainly not any better than the old one. The final scene in unregenerate days remained always a muddle; but it was a muddle which showed a wider attempt at solution. Wagner was a more practical man of the theatre than is supposed; even in his most unpractical moments he had a perfectly definite idea of what he wanted even if the stage devices of his day could not achieve it. Fifty years and more have passed since his death; the sudden ruin of the hall, the rising of the Rhine, the burning of Valhalla, and the rest of it, should not, after that interval, be beyond perfect representation. Whether or no that is the case, Wagner's instructions should not at Covent Garden in 1934 be disobeyed needlessly.

It is no more difficult to show two black ravens flying across the stage before Siegfried's death than one white cloud; as Wagner asked for ravens, why not have ravens? Wagner laid the last scene *inside* the hall, and for a very good reason. Covent Garden's producer laid it *outside* the hall, for, as far as I am aware, no reason whatever.

On the musical side matters were immaculate. Sir Thomas Beecham has secured some performances which should not only be memorable but historic.

"The Dark Tower."—Why *The Dark Tower?* Well, that was the name of the play they talked about producing during the play of that name at the Shaftesbury Theatre. It comes from America—there was a run of sorts in New York—but for London audiences there have been changes. Dollars have become shillings, someone is going to Birmingham, we hear tell of the St. James's Theatre and the Kew Theatre, and the bulk of the action takes place in a Mayfair drawing-room with a stained-glass window in it.

Jessica is an actress and, we are told, a great actress. That is an initial disadvantage, both for the play and for any woman who plays the part. An analogy is the play which has as a point in the plot a tune which is to dazzle with its beauty; only one man ever worked that trick successfully, and his name was Wagner.

Jessica is married to a fat crook of unpleasant habits, given to torturing mice and his wife. He turned up unexpectedly after a spell in prison, and after a momentary pose as Enoch Arden switched to Svengali and reduced his wife to a condition of abject and terrified servility, a condition in which poor Miss Edna Best had to remain for, practically, the whole evening.

Played with slimy realism by Mr. Francis L. Sullivan, who threatens to out-Laughton Laughton in stage unpleasantness, this husband was murdered in Act II. Which was a pity; for, nasty though he was, the play, never at any moment very exciting, without him became unbearably dull. I see no reason for concealing the fact that he was murdered by Jessica's brother, who had adopted the disguise of a foreign financier.

The unfamiliar name on the programme given to the actor playing this financier, an accent so broken that it was manifestly intended as a disguise, and certain other clues, led me to suppose in a few minutes, and without any perspicacity on which I need claim to flatter myself, that this odd foreigner was Mr. Basil Sydney, who in Acts I and III appeared as Mr. Basil Sydney.

Since love-interest is demanded, the murder should have been committed by the nice theatrical manager, hailed jocosely as Mr. Cochran and played by Mr. Edgar Norfolk, who was in love with Jessica. Perhaps Mr. Gilbert Miller, who presents this play, did not want to represent a fellow-manager as a murderer. But the position was a little unfortunate; for there are few brothers so fond of their sisters that they will risk putting their neck in a noose for them, whereas plenty of love-lorn swains are only too willing. That would have made a more realistic play and possibly a more exciting one, though not for Mr. Sydney.

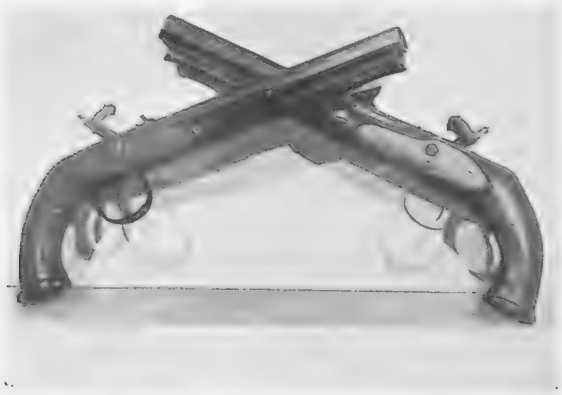
The Dark Tower struck me as a complete case of misapplied ingenuity and of "thrills" gone wrong. Instead of working, scene by scene, up to a climax the story flagged and wilted, livened up once or twice and then sank down again. Miss Best had no chance at all. Mr. Sydney showed skill with the Fregoli stuff, but he is far too good an actor and too sensible a man not to know that it is—well, stuff. Mr. Basil Radford's detective and Miss Martita Hunt's elderly aunt had some real life about them.

MAKING UP: Alexander Kipnis, the Russian bass, who gave a notable performance in "Die Walküre"

A COVENT GARDEN STAR AT HOME: Lotte Lehmann the famous soprano who is once again delighting London opera lovers

AGATHA CARROLL in one of the costumes she wears in "Ladies in Waiting"—a "play of suspense" at the Westminster

THE MOST NOTORIOUS FIREBRAND AND DUELLIST OF HIS GENERATION: Two portraits of Colonel O'Gorman Mahon, M.P., whose dramatic career is the subject of a new biography by Denis Gwynn. The publishers are Jarrolds



THE DUELLING PISTOLS used by the famous Irishman in some of his many affairs of honour

Illustrations from the Biography of Colonel O'Gorman Mahon, M.P., Duellist, Adventurer, and Politician

Left—COLONEL O'GORMAN MAHON AS HE WAS IN 1885: From the drawing by "Spy" in *Vanity Fair*

Left—THE O'MULLIGAN OF BALLYMULLIGAN: A drawing by Thackeray who, under this grotesque name, introduced Colonel O'Gorman Mahon as one of the main characters in a series of biting sketches entitled *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*

THE BOOK WORLD

In the Month of May

This week has seen the publication of a story, written for children, by Charles Dickens, which he never allowed to be published during his lifetime. It has been widely advertised as a first edition. The value of a first edition (by Dickens or by anybody else) is determined by its rarity. The value of this book will be exactly what the newspaper selling it is able to get for it.

Book selling by newspapers began as part of the development of the circulation war. Discovering that it paid, certain newspapers have seriously entered the publishing business. Hitherto they have concentrated upon non-copyright works. This Dickens is a break into publishing proper. Newspapers have vast advertising resources; to authors they are able to offer cash and publicity inducements that would leave even the most enterprising publisher faint and unpursuing.

And, believe it or not, most authors will do most things for cash and publicity.

The **BOOKSELLER** takes a gloomy view of these developments. It states that "a popular newspaper has contracted with a number of authors for the publication, in book form, of their works . . . the book trade runs the risk of bearing the brunt (of newspaper schemes) more and more." And it quotes the president of the National Chamber of Trade as appealing for the abandonment of such methods, "which have nothing whatever to do with the real function of newspapers."

Well, when the Dickens sets were being run hard in the circulation fight the colossal number of 9,000,000 copies was disposed of.

Galsworthy's publishers refused a newspaper offer running into five figures for his works.

J. B. Priestley also refused a similar offer.

The above are facts which are about to cause a first-class rumpus in the book trade. It will be interesting to see which way the battle goes.

Publishers and booksellers, as a rule, display the same amount of solidarity in action as cats and dogs. When the Book Society was formed the publishers regarded it with suspicion; the booksellers hated it (and still do). The Book Society went on. So will the newspapers.

Mr. Harold Nicolson's **CURZON; THE LAST PHASE** (Constable. 18s.), is the third of a trilogy covering British diplomacy from 1870 to 1924. True, he has a concluding essay surveying the practice of diplomacy during these years (and in it makes some highly debatable points), but the main purpose of this book is an intimate examination of Curzon, the man and his policy.

The book is important, for it covers a period during which British prestige was at its highest in the world and sank to its lowest. And the swift descent occurred while Lord Curzon was at the Foreign Office.

No writer knows better than Mr. Nicolson how to attach the human note to his argument with story and anecdote. Lord Curzon's career is rich in such gossip. As an argument against the popular legend of his pomposity, Mr. Nicolson states that Curzon was fond of telling the apocryphal stories against himself. Personally I can imagine nothing more hot-making.

Nor can I imagine anyone more temperamentally incapable of dealing diplomatically with Poincaré during the acute stages of Franco-British disagreement.

Mr. Nicolson has written of his old chief with loyalty and affection (though I could have wished he had omitted the details of Curzon's breakdown on hearing of Mr. Baldwin's premiership), and is disposed to lay the disaster to British diplomacy at the door of the Lloyd George-Curzon hostility.

Yet there is shrewd observation in his conclusion that Curzon gave the appearance of a fixed stability of purpose, and had none, while "the volatility of Mr. Lloyd George's methods has concealed from the eyes of many a critic the rock-like immobility of his aims."

Despite a few hyperbolical strainings after the purple patch (travellers will be delighted to find, for instance, a levelled waste in a dreary suburb referred to as "the dew-soaked meadows of Le Bourget), Mr. Nicolson's is a fascinating study of a man who was born great, achieved greatness, and had greatness thrust upon him.

Biographical portraiture is Herr Emil Ludwig's strong suit. In **LEADERS OF EUROPE** (Nicholson and Watson. 18s.), his hand has all the honours. The list runs; Briand, Lloyd George, Masaryk, Motta, Mussolini, Nansen, Rathenau, Stalin, Venizelos.

"Lloyd George," he says, "has often been called merely a politician and denied the title of statesman. Where can the line of division be drawn between these two terms?"

"If Lloyd George had been assassinated in 1918 he would have gone down in history as one of the greatest men of our time."

"He had pursued the policy of expediency rather than the principle so often that he became too pliant. And when the decisive moment arrived his character failed him."

"When I admired the wood in his dining-room he told me that they called it the Poincaré room, because he had purchased the wood from the money that he had received from a newspaper article which he had written on Poincaré. I realized then that I was speaking with the world's greatest journalist."

Remembering Herr Ludwig's treatment at the hands of Hitler, the following statement of political philosophy is interesting. In the development of history he finds two recurrent phases, masculine and feminine.

"During the feminine phase the people are passive. They look for a leader to protect them and make their decision for them. Virile nations do not look for a dictator. They would oppose anybody who might try to assume that *rôle!*"

Herr Ludwig writes with inspiration and first-hand knowledge of each of his subjects. It is a valuable book.

If you would read a book ten times more exciting than any novel of adventure, packed with wars, duels, love affairs, the rough and tumble of nineteenth-century politics; of a flamboyant, fantastic, and not unlovable character, I recommend **THE O'GORMAN MAHON,** by Denis Gwynn (Jarrolds. 18s.).

The O'Gorman Mahon! What's in a name? Not for nothing was he the prototype of Thackeray's The O'Mulligan. He sat in an unreformed House of Commons, yet lived to be an M.P. in 1890. Deny the stage Irishman, the wild and gallant soldier of fortune, the turbulent fop, the ardent duellist if you will. As he lived he is re-created in this book.

Anything more in contrast with the above than **KARL MARX,** by E. H. Carr (Dent. 12s. 6d.), it would be difficult to find.

Here is an authoritative, sincere, learned, and well-documented biography of the father of Communism. For serious political students I should think it is indispensable.

The same, in the world of business, applies to the biography of **SIR ENOCH HILL,** by R. K. Bacon (Dent. 5s.).

He began his working life at the age of eight as a "half-timer": his creation is the largest Building Society in the world. Those whose horizon of industrial efficiency is bounded by Henry Ford; yes, and those Marxians who deny any constructive good to an avowed capitalist, might do well to study these pages.

THREE LIVES is the autobiography of Mr. Stephen Foot (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), whose life, as the title implies, falls conveniently into three parts.

In number one we see him representing an oil company in the East and in Mexico. Next he is at war, on the staff, and falling out with the other brass hats who were attending the birth pangs of the Tank Corps.

Finally he creates for himself the job of the first "careers master" at a public school.

As a type Mr. Foot is an interesting study of that type of Englishman who, having decided that his is the best possible solution for a particular problem, sets about it with an exasperatingly dogged persistence. It is a type that "gets things done"—and drives ordinary, easy-going mortals frantic.

A sententiousness, total lack of a sense of humour, and a cast-iron priggishness are formidable weapons. Mr. Foot's account of how he

(*Continued on p.* 292)

On page 292 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

In the Interval . . .

The traditional brilliance and sparkle of a first night calls for something equally sparkling, zestful, satisfying . . . and the wise escort knows where to find it—

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

COIFFURES FOR GRAND OCCASIONS

The Silhouette of the Moment, the Ingenuity of Jewellers, and the Art of the Hairdresser Achieve Perfect Harmony and Balance

To wear one's hair always in the same way just because it happens to frame one's face in a flattering manner is to lack appreciation of what a perfect coiffure should do. To say nothing of the fact that it deprives one of a mental tonic that is, perhaps, more potent than any other, for having one's hair arranged in a new way can completely change not only one's looks but—more important—one's outlook

The tendency of the moment is towards elaboration, for shallow hats perched lightly on the top of the head demand that the hair should be swept upwards with the ends clustering in little curls across the back of the head. And in the evening our draped necklines and our long sweeping skirts are as nothing without a well-poised head and hair that is sculptured to reveal the very real beauty of the unbroken shape of the skull

Emile, of Conduit Street, W., have created the beautiful Court coiffure at the head of this page. Swept in deep, loose waves across the brow, the ends are cut and curled to take away any suggestion of heaviness, and the hair is then brushed away from the face to reveal the ears, and to give dramatic effect to the curls at the back. It is always a good plan to have the feathers fixed by an expert, and in this direction Emile excels. Incidentally, their collection of bandeaux and hair ornaments is always very flattering and extremely interesting, for they are constantly receiving new ones from their designers in Paris

One of the most charming novelties of the season is the curl ear-ring shown on the right. A fine silver wire curves round the ear and is held in place by a clip on the lobe. Beautifully designed, and set with the finest paste, they cost 99s. 6d. a pair at Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge. From them, too, comes the ingenious bar brooch specially designed to hold in place draperies or a court train. Fastening with an ordinary pin, it has two flat clips at the back which firmly secure ribbon loops sewn to the back of the train. The price of these is 59s. 6d. each

The diadem plays a very prominent role when we go out these nights, and the delicate one on the right is set with paste and pearls and costs only 25s. 9d., while the price of the oval clip, so new in design, is 2 guineas. These also come from Woolland Bros.

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EAST COAST THE DRIER SIDE

PROTESTING AGAINST PROTECTION: Ten million cyclists throughout the country are up in arms at the thought of the "white tail" which the new Road Traffic Act may compel them to carry on their rear mudguards, and last week Mr. G. Herbert Stancer, Secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club, and Sir Wilfred Sugden, M.P., interviewed the Minister of Transport with a view to persuading him to drop the idea. The cyclists' antagonistic attitude towards their own safety has always been a source of wonder to other road users and this latest protest seems to suggest that they wish to combine the untrammelled status of the pedestrian with the speed of the wheeled vehicle

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

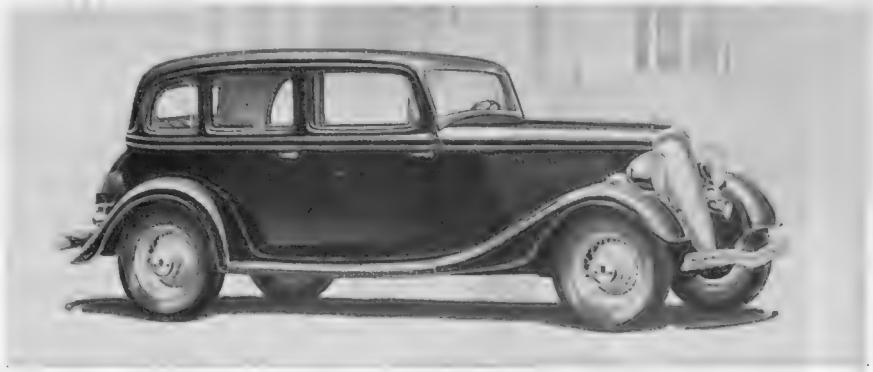
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

Most of us motorists have heard much about the excellence of the Ford V 8 car, but although I am now going to endeavour to describe my experiences with it, I doubt whether any words of mine, or of anyone else, would ever be able to convey to an inexperienced person what motoring with a V 8 Ford really means. To start with, the car is a most imposing looking vehicle, at any rate in the form as lent to me, namely a saloon de luxe. On appearance alone no one would honestly imagine that it could be bought at £280. Of course, when it is tried on the road the price becomes even more absurd. This car has been on the market now for a number of years, but recently it has been altered in certain particulars, details of which are as follows. The wheel-base is now 112 in. and the radiator is covered with a newly designed shell and grille. The new bonnet fasteners are interesting for they not only perform the function which their name suggests, but are also real handles by which the bonnet can be lifted up. The new hub-caps, head-lamps, and door handles are of rustless steel. I noticed in particular that the windows on the saloon which I drove slid sideways after the handle had been wound up to the top and an extra half-turn was given to it. This ingenious idea allows the interior of the car to be well ventilated without giving rise to any draught. The interior of the body has been made far more pleasing by incorporating new moulding, new instrument panel, new arm-rests on the front doors, new silk-pulls for the rear passengers, and deeper and softer cushions. It is surprising that on a ridiculously cheap car such as this, the owner finds that he is provided with a dome roof light, floor carpets, ash-tray, and electric cigarette lighter.

Now for the actual performance of the car. This is where I find myself in a difficulty, for I cannot honestly compare its acceleration with any other touring car that I have tried. In the old days we talked about motoring and Rolls-Roycing. To-day, with this Ford V 8, I think we have motoring, Rolls-Roycing, and Fording. The acceleration is terrific, and yet it is all accomplished without fuss, bother, or noise. Even on top gear one can hang behind a vehicle in traffic, and then shoot forward like a rocket once an opening appears. In ordinary main road touring there is not the slightest necessity to think about the gear-box, and on many hills, which really are hills on most cars, the Ford simply raced up between 50 and 60 m.p.h. as if a gradient did not exist. Of course, there is a comparatively large engine, in a comparatively light chassis, and so in a way the results obtained are in some degree expected, but when the cost of this particular model is only £280, and there are cheaper ones obtainable, surprise is that the car does its job in such a nice quiet, gentlemanly manner. It seems almost unsporting to criticize it in any way, but if I may be excused I would say that the addition of some form of servo on the brakes would be an improvement well worth making. The brakes will stop the car, but the pressure to be exerted by the foot is more than is called for on the average car of to-day.

Two new cars have recently made their appearance. Whether these will be styled 1934 or 1935 models I cannot say, appearing as they do in the middle of the season, but the fact remains that in both cases the specification incorporates at least one feature which is out of the ordinary. The new "Eleven" Singer incorporates independent front wheel springs, which now joins the Alvis Car as the second British chassis to be built incorporating this idea. Our American friends have, of course, gone more or less mad on this type of suspension and I have no doubt that at Olympia in October we shall see many more British manufacturers following suit. In addition the Singer chassis possesses "Fluidrive" transmission and a clutchless gear-change.

The second new car is an 8-cylinder Daimler, with the cylinders all in line. Contrary to usual Daimler practice the engine possesses overhead valves of orthodox design. It is a long wheel-base car which will take really comfortable coachwork. It definitely comes within the limits of the luxury class and it will undoubtedly have a very great appeal to people who can afford to pay over £1,000 for a motor car.



PLEASING LINES AND TERRIFIC ACCELERATION: The Ford V 8 saloon de luxe priced at £280. The interior appointments are very lavish and include arm-rests, ash-trays, and an electric cigarette lighter. An ingenious system of draughtless ventilation has been introduced

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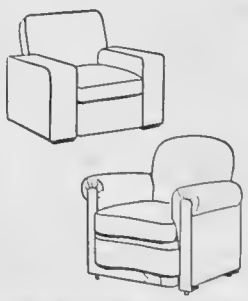

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A COMPOSING STICK USED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN which was presented to Mr. Wilfred Fry by the Company of Stationers and Newspaper Makers

Mr. Wilfred W. Fry, who is well known in business circles on both sides of the Atlantic, was recently entertained to luncheon at Stationers' Hall where, in his capacity as a trustee of the Franklin Museum in Philadelphia, he was presented with a composing stick once used by Benjamin Franklin.

In his speech Mr. Fry gave a particularly clear account of the present state of affairs in America under President Roosevelt. If Mr. Roosevelt's election had done no more than rally the nation as it had done, he said, he would have a vast accomplishment to his credit.

Unquestionably, however, business had improved greatly due to two kinds of influence. First, economic causes were producing a reaction from the depression, and second, there had been a stimulation of business in certain lines and localities, due to the inflationary programme of the Government. The economic sun, concluded Mr. Fry, had not yet risen as high on the American horizon as on the British, but it was inconceivable that the American dream of a land of opportunity for all should fail of a new and fairer realization.

A PROMINENT PERSONALITY IN THE ADVERTISING AND BANKING WORLDS: Mr. Wilfred W. Fry, Governing Director of N. W. Ayer and Son, Ltd., to whom a complimentary luncheon was given recently at Stationers' Hall. Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld presided over a large distinguished company

"THOSE WERE THE DAYS."

A gala performance of the British International picture, *Those Were the Days*, is to be given at the Phœnix Theatre, Charing Cross Road, on Thursday, June 7, in aid of the Paddington Tuberculosis Dispensary. Seats are priced from 3 guineas down to 5s., and may be obtained from the Organizing Secretary at 7, Park Lane, W.1. Telephone, Grosvenor 2862. The film is adapted from Sir Arthur Pinero's famous play, *The Magistrate*.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

One thousand one hundred poor boys and girls are always being maintained by the Society in their Homes at Bisley, Esher, London, Orpington, Royston, and Twickenham, and in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. Funds are most urgently needed, and an urgent appeal is made to readers of THE SPHERE for donations towards this great work of training poor children to become good and useful men and women. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE LEATHER AND THE WILLOW

(Continued from p. 276)

top of the blade against his instrument and makes the cuts where the handle will be inserted. The blade is now placed in the press, where the weight exerted is more than a ton, thus causing the surface to become sealed and preventing any danger of cracking up.

The fitting of the handle to the blade is another tricky process. Great care is necessary, as one tap too many may force the handle into the blade and split the bat from top to bottom. Once having obtained the correct fit, the handle is immersed in glue and left to dry for many hours. Perhaps the most delicate operation of all is that of shaping the bat. It takes years to learn how to get the correct balance and the correct weight. Finally, the handle is sawn, the insertions of sheet rubber fitted in, the blade rubbed with sandpaper, boned with an ordinary shin-bone to seal the grain still more (and to give that glossy appearance), and then, lastly, the handle is bound all by hand. For a bat is one of the few articles in modern use which is really *manu*factured.

Cricket balls are made of cork, worsted, and ox hide. The skins of four-year-old oxen are best for the leather, being slightly more delicate than the sole of your shoe. First of all the hide is bathed in old lime and water for a day or two, and is then immersed for a week in water with new lime in it. After which the hair comes off easily, and the hide goes into the poke, which is a bath of pure water. Next it is treated with a fleshing knife. Then comes another bath of bran and water, followed by a visit to a metal half-cylinder, set at an angle, on which what remains of the lime is scraped out as far as possible.

The hide is then severed out of the middle of the back, and the halves, suspended from sticks, are hung in water. Three more baths, this time of alum, follow. Then it is scraped again and is ready for the factory. Here it is cut into strips 4 in. wide, which are washed in warm water with ground oats and hung out on lines to dry. Next, the strips are coloured with aniline dye and are stitched and marked out for cutting. The stretcher, as it is called, cuts out sections into patterns shaped so that four pieces will cover one ball. These pieces are marked for stitch holes with a special flat holing awl, and then sewn together in pairs on a wooden ball. This is done on the inside, and the leather reversed only when the process is complete. The two halves are next fitted with the centre, which has been made by binding strips of cork with damp worsted upon a small cork foundation. The ball thus formed is hammered and pressed into shape and baked in an oven. The two halves with the interior are then pressed together and sewn with silk flax or cat-gut. Finally the ball is shaped in another press to level down the stitching—altogether one of the most intricate bits of manufacture that one can imagine.

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One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines, and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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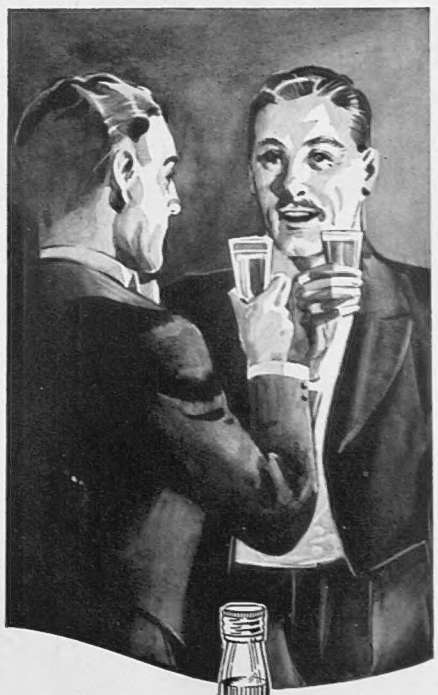

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ARAN (Continued from p. 269)

The turf hulks also come in here from Connemara, and the people bring their carts, the poorer ones their donkeys with panniers, to carry it away. The quay which has been built by the Congested Districts Board is generally piled up with turf. I watched it being thrown up sod by sod, a slow process, but why hurry? Time is of little concern in these islands. We found a nice-looking old woman, Mary McDonough, sitting knitting under the shadow of the rock, waiting for her boat to come in. She had to be there on the spot for fear, as she put it, that the turf "might be stolen on her."

With the exception of a few stunted trees round Kilmurvey there is none anywhere on the island, and there are no bogs, so the people depend completely on Connemara for their supply of fuel, so necessary throughout those cold, raw winter days when the roaring sound of the Atlantic against the towering cliffs almost drowns the plaintive cry of the curlew, and over all there hangs a sort of grey cloud—uniting sky, sea, and rocks in one.

The one bright spot is the turf fire round which the people gather on those cold winter evenings telling stories in their own native tongue, or discussing the affairs of their poor little island which is all the world to them.

C. Chichester

THE REAL FRENCHMAN!

(Continued from p. 264)

or in private or public exchanges. Or in dealing in the past with a beaten Germany. Or in the criticism of all save Czechs, Poles, and Roumanians, who can do no wrong. No, believe me, this *mesure* label requires overhauling.

I must hasten. I'm going to leave logic along with *mesure* into which it does, in fact, partly dove-tail. It is hard to believe that any strict adherence to logic leads to such incoherence as France shows to-day. I come to liberty and truth, passion for. After what has supervened this year in the wake of Stavisky it is not possible any longer to credit the French, as a nation, with the same white-hot burning for this pair that emerged in 1792. Voltaire went to a paltry provincial legal murder for his roots for the Revolution; he'd have shaken the hemispheres had he had the material of a Stavisky case to go upon. The French have accepted and sat down under grotesque treatment from their governing hierarchy and from officialdom. They have watched innocent men being arrested when all the world knew they were innocent, and they are still riveted to a daily serial ("l'Affaire") in which truth is the last, the very ultimate ingredient figuring. Have they lost their kick, these French whose other names used to be *audace* and *risquez?* Precious little is ever risked now.

And so to taste—*goût*. Here's my definition of *goût*: "American bars with pastel *décor*, shaded lights, and subdued music." It is how they are building the new ones on Broadway, *vice* the old, long brass rail.

Go round France to-day, and try to find anything like that. Good taste endures in the rue St. Honoré and adjacently, and there's Yvonne Printemps (though where is she?), but I defy you to find any country that has sinned more in the way of uglification than France, whose face has been so much more disfigured just because it was so fair. Yet even prior to the ravishing I was dubious about the French global claim to *goût* which can comprise so many, many things besides *articles de Paris* and French models. Take the stiffness, sometimes repellent, of French interiors; take how most of the male population dresses; take the doubtful taste of saying all the time that you've got *goût*. And G.B.S. did say there was no such thing as the French theatre, and where are your Anatoles? and Réné Clair, great artist, had to go to London to continue realizing himself . . . all *goût*. But that's not quite fair because lots of French artists do exude *goût* and are favourites.

In fact, I hope I have not been too hard with the French in such difficult times. If so, I give as envoi this that will cause warmth to invade any son of Gaul who may be reading: by common consent, because of their blending of intelligence and courage, the French were the best soldiers in the War.

THE PROMISE OF GOOD THINGS TO COME: One of the many Kentish orchards which supply the fruit for the making of Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy. The blossom is magnificent this year

THE BOOK WORLD (Cont. from p. 284)

butted into the negotiations between the Mayor and the local T.U.C. officials during the General Strike has to be read to be believed.

I can well believe that Mr. Foot is by far the most efficient and successful "careers master" at any of our public schools.

And finally we come to **ON OUR WAY**, by Franklin D. Roosevelt (Faber. 7s. 6d.), which will have a double interest for those who have read *Looking Forward*, which was published at the beginning of the President's term of office.

(There is no mention of the previous book in this one, which is a pity, for surely no two books were more complementary.)

It is a valuable book for students of politics, for it surveys the achievements of the author's administration along the difficult road he has travelled so far; and if the book gives the air of having been hastily put together we can at least be grateful that the busiest man in the world has found time to do it.

Vernon Fane

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Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel Badischer Hof. First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Brenner's Stephanie Htl. & Brenner's Park Htl. (Kurhof).—Next to Cas. (Bccara-Roulette), swmng. pool, & 18-h. golf.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from R.M. 8—or with private thermal bath from R.M. 10.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by Englishmen. Mod. comf. Mod. prices. Ex. cuisine. A. Leuner, Prop.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from R.M. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First class Home Comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Coblence.—Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof.—1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof.—The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from R.M. 4, with pension R.M. 9.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zahringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

ITALY.

Menaggio.-Victoria Hotel.-(1st cl.) Golf (18). Tennis. Bowling. On lake shores away fr. mn. rd. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

Stresa.—Regina Palace.—De luxe garden on lake. Tennis. Golf. Bathing. Orchestra. Garage. Rooms from 6/-, Pension from 17/-. Swiss Man.

SICILY.

Palermo.—Villa Igiea.—On the Sea Front. Large Park. Golf Links. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension 75 Lire.

Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.—Alone of its kind—former Dominican Monastery of the 14th Century. Pension from 75 Lire.

SWITZERLAND.

Axenfels (Lake Lucerne).—**Palace Hotel.**—Excellent for Rest and Recreation. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Diet. Pens. from Frs. 14.

Baden-les-Bains (nr. Zürich).—Grand Hotel.—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st cl. Res. All com. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air restaur. Marv. view on lake & mntns. Pens. fr. 12 Frs.

Geneva.—The Regina.—Up-to-date on Lake. Centre Open Air Rest, overlooking lake and city. Incl. Price 15/-, with private bath 17/6.

Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.—Facing English garden & lake. Home-like, every mcd. comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Htl. & Righi Vaudois (2270 ft.)—Ideal pos. Lge. gdn-pk. ovrlkng. L. of Geneva. Evry. cmft. 1st cl. cuisine. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 12.

Gurnigel, Bernese Oberld.—3,900 ft. a.s. Sum. & wint.—**Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. 300 bdrs. bths, diet. frsts, ten. orch. Wkly. trms. incl. £5.7.0.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne.—Lausanne Palace—Beau Site Hotels.—De luxe at rsnble. rates. Ex. cuisine. Nicest posit. Park, Garage, Priv. Tennis, Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from 8 Frs. Pens. from 18 Frs. Director: A. de Micheli.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel and Kurhaus.—Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tenn. Cts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake, own beach. 2 tennis, boating. Incl. rate (pens.) with bath, £1.

Vevey.—Parkhotel Mooser.—Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension, Francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Seiler Hotels.**—(1,000 beds.) Pension rate from Fr. 9 and Fr. 12.50.

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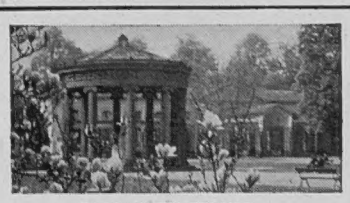
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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

C., Yorks (Switzerland).—Spiez on Lake Thun would suit your requirements admirably, for you would find many walks in the neighbourhood which would not entail any climbing. At the Hotel Niesen there you would get terms from about 10s. per day. The 2nd class return fare from London, via Newhaven–Dieppe, is £8 9s. 8d. Spiez is situated at a height of 2,070 ft. If you wished to go higher there is Kandersteg up in the mountains behind Spiez, at a height of 3,840 ft. The Hotel Alpenrose here quotes terms from 10s. per day. The walking around Kandersteg would, of course, be rather more strenuous than that around Spiez.

M., S. India (Italy).—As you will have young children with you, we would suggest you stay at the Pension Bella-Vista, in Bordighera (terms from 7s. per day). The climate of Bordighera during March would be mild and pleasant, and the town contains many gardens and parks. If you prefer to be in the Italian lake district, we advise you to select Lake Garda, which is more suitable for a winter resort than the other lakes. At the Pension Catullo, at Sirmione on the south side of Lake Garda, you would get terms from 7s. per day.

T., Cheshire (Ireland).—Enniskillen is certainly a very beautiful spot, but you would find the climate very relaxing. The Coolmore House Hotel at Rossnowlagh, on the coast near Bundoran, charges from 10s. 6d. per day. One of the loveliest places in the north of Donegal is Dunfanaghy, where the Hotel Port-na-Blagh charges 12s. per day. Gweedore is another most attractive place in this district, but the Hotel Gweedore is rather more expensive than the above-mentioned hotels.

Hints for Travellers

SOUTHERN RAILWAY CHANNEL CRUISES.

The first of the Southern Railway Company's summer week-end and mid-week cruises to France and the Channel Islands is scheduled for Whitsuntide. Throughout the summer, until the end of September, the S.S. *St. Briac* will carry passengers on these pleasant trips, which include calls at Havre, Rouen (via the Seine), St. Malo, Jersey, and Guernsey. The fare, inclusive of meals, ranges from £3 upwards for a week-end cruise, lasting from Friday evening until Monday morning, or for a mid-week cruise from Monday evening until Friday morning.

TRAVEL REDUCTIONS IN SWITZERLAND.

From June 15 till October 15 the Swiss Railways and Alpine Postal Cars will grant a reduction of 30 per cent. on the following conditions: Tickets must be return or circular tickets from frontier to inland stations; they must be purchased before entering Switzerland; the bearer must make a stay of at least seven days in the country. Travellers passing through Switzerland will obtain this same reduction if they possess a return ticket for a journey across this country.

Weekly season tickets, price 42 francs, can also be obtained at the Interlaken and Oberland stations for an indefinite number of trips on various railways and on the steamboats of Lakes Thun and Brienz. Holders of these Bernese–Oberland weekly season tickets will also be granted a reduction of 30 per cent. for trips by the Jungfrau Railway, the Beatenberg Funicular, and the Lauterbrunnen–Trummelbach motor-'bus service.

At the Service of Our Readers
"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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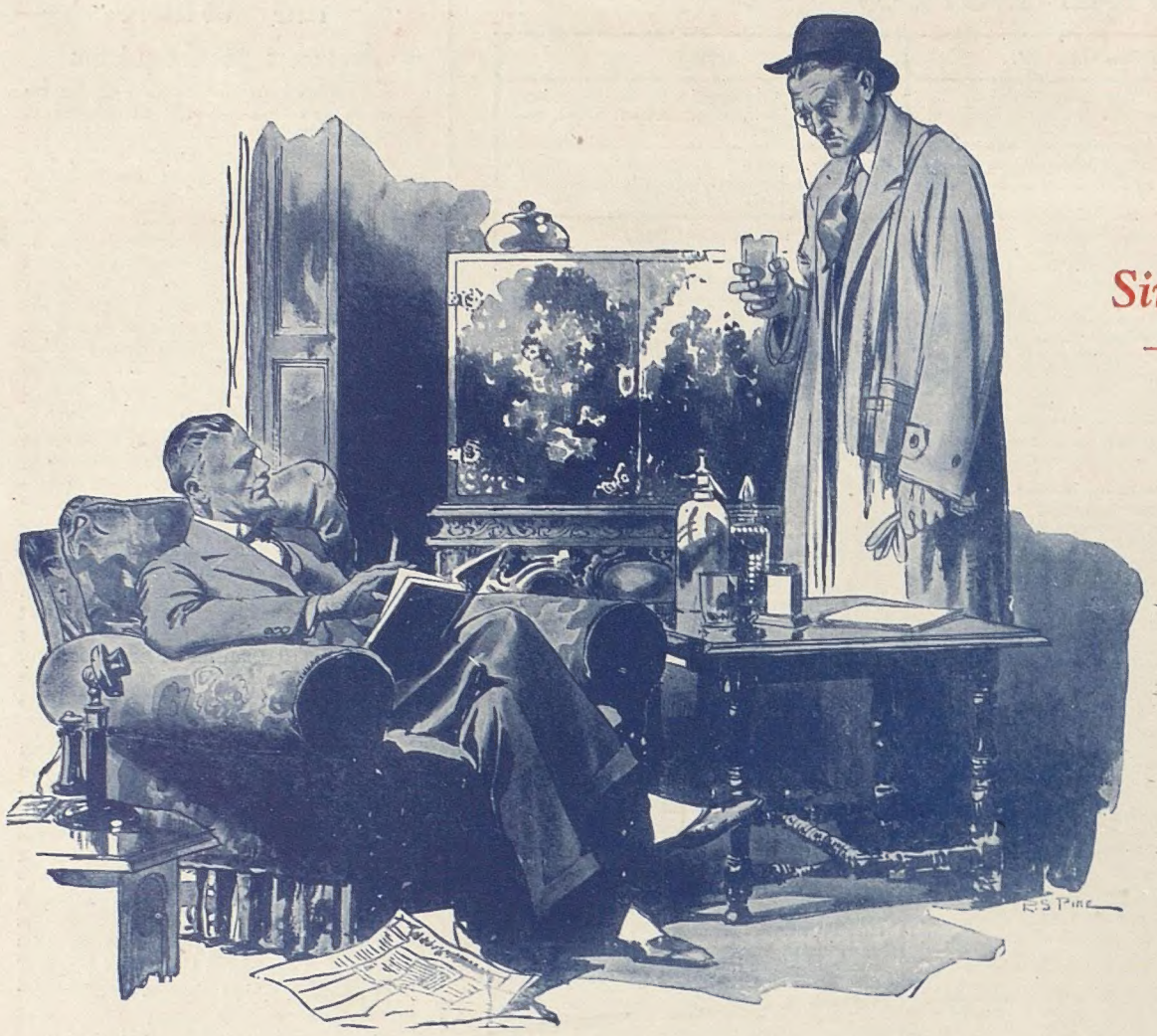

Sir Edward —the Enthusiastic

He decided to try the "Tote"

Sir Edward : "Good gracious, Freddy, have a brandy and soda. You look a sight. Been playing Rugger, or just come from a bargain sale?"

Freddy : "Almost as bad. I've been racing. Decided to try the 'Tote,' took a hundred with me, and before I'd been on the racecourse five minutes, it had gone—pocket picked."

Sir Edward : "Bad luck or carelessness?"

Freddy : "Little of each, I suppose. However, that wasn't so serious. I met Bob and borrowed a century from him."

Sir Edward : "A hundred to the bad before the first race."

Freddy : "Yes; then the trouble started. Got a good tip a few minutes before the 'Off,' dashed to the 'Tote,' found hundreds more, all trying to get on at the last moment; had a real scrimmage to get my tickets."

Sir Edward : "Most unpleasant. Did you back the winner?"

Freddy : "Yes; but I had to queue up in the pouring rain to get my winnings—was barged into right and left, and to cap it all I never backed another winner. You look jolly comfortable. What have you been doing?"

Sir Edward : "Been sitting here, doing in comfort exactly what you've been trying to do—back winners at 'Tote' prices. What's more, I've succeeded in backing four."

Freddy : "Oh! how did you do it?"

Sir Edward : "Why, simply by taking advantage of 'Duggie's' wonderful service, 'a "Tote" in every Telegraph Office.' He should have added 'in every home,' because 'phoning is as easy as telegraphing."

Freddy : "But how about when you are at the races; one has to go to the 'Tote' then?"

Sir Edward : "Well, you can wire him whatever you like right up to the 'Off,' and have a 5% bonus as well. That's what makes me so *enthusiastic* about Duggie."

Follow Sir Edward's advice— Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

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